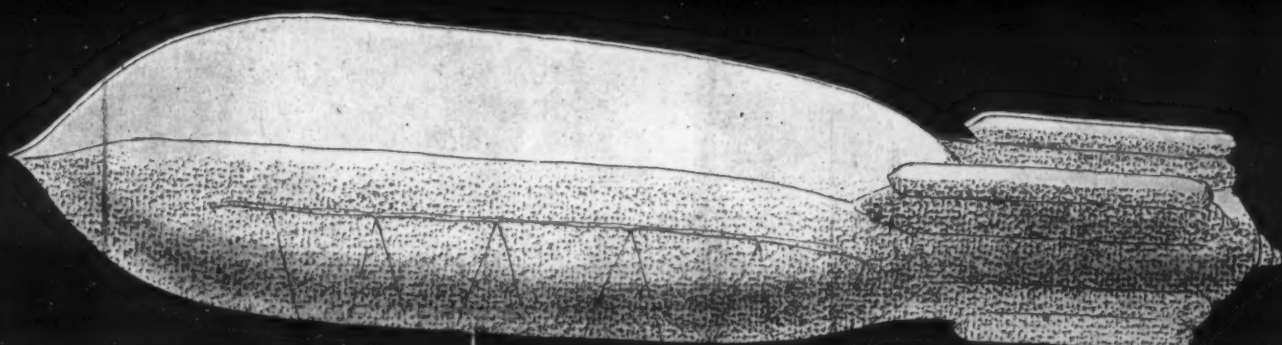


Collier's

5¢ a copy

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

for September 5, 1914



Barney Has a Punch

by Harvey J. O'Higgins

The War In Europe



HUDSON Six-40 1915 Model \$1,550 This Year F.O.B. Detroit

Our Level-Best Six

This new HUDSON Six-40, despite its price, marks our level best. Our 48 engineers, headed by Howard E. Coffin, have devoted four years to the car. In reply to all conflicting claims—defending higher prices—that's the most that we can say.

This car is the climax of HUDSON ambitions. We may do better sometime, but we can't today.

There is hardly a part or detail which we find a wish to better. In fine engineering, in beauty and comfort, in lightness and economy, this car comes near the apex, we believe.

We say this after thousands have been tested on the road. After 12 months' experience with our last year's Six-40. After noting all the new-year models which our rivals have brought out. And we believe that most men will agree with us.

Its 48 Designers

There are 48 men—there have been for years—on the HUDSON corps of engineers. And Howard E. Coffin heads them.

It has never been claimed, so far as we know, that there is an abler corps in the country. And certainly there isn't.

In HUDSON models—constantly progressing—these men have fought over-tax. They have warred with all excesses—in weight and price, in up-keep and operative cost.

And this HUDSON Six-40 for 1915 marks the final result of their efforts.

Do Opinions Differ?

There are arguments, of course, which combat ours. Each maker defends his own. But we doubt if well-informed men seriously differ about this car.

HUDSON advances have

always been combated. But the records show that the general trend has followed where we led.

Sixes are almost universal now in the upper grade of cars. Lightness is now demanded. Economy has been studied. Prices have come down. And HUDSON innovations in beauty and equipment are being fast adopted.

The HUDSON Six-40 this year differs from its leading rivals merely in degree of progress. It simply leads the common trend.

Where Hudson Leads

The HUDSON Six-40 leads in lightness among cars of this capacity. It reduces old-time averages about 1,000 pounds.

This lightness, plus a new-type motor, gives it class-lead in low operative cost.

It leads in beauty. In numerous ways it leads all in new styles of equipment.

In the quality field it holds the low-priced record, for cars that compare in size, class and capacity. Since last year, our trebled output has reduced the price \$200.

And, in designing, skill—not luck—has given this car amazingly perfect balance.

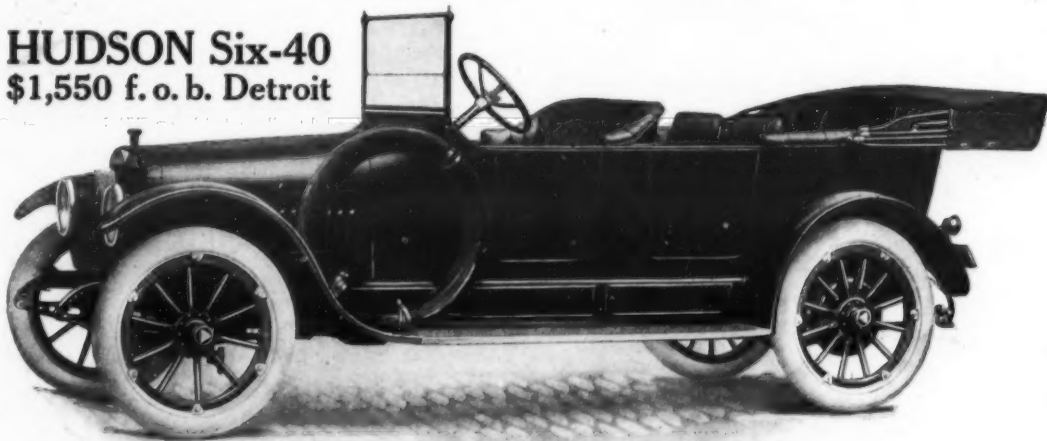
You'll Approve It

The more exacting you are, the better you'll approve this car. It will meet your conceptions in the things you want. In big ways and little ways it will show you today's best standards. We spent all last year on details and refinements.

Go see it, and bear this in mind: We build a larger car for the men who want it. But we could not, with our present knowledge, build a better car.

**Hudson dealers are everywhere.
New catalog on request.**

**HUDSON Six-40
\$1,550 f. o. b. Detroit**



A perfect streamline body.
Seats and room for seven.
Disappearing tonneau seats.
Invisible hinges.
Hand-buffed leather upholstery.
Wide, high seats.
Gasoline tank in dash. Tires carried ahead of front door.

"One-Man" top with quick-adjusting curtains attached.
Dimming searchlights.
Locked ignition and lights.
Simplified starting, lighting and ignition system.
Wires in metal conduits.
New-form speedometer drive.

New-method carburetion.
Automatic spark advance.
Horn button in wheel.
Trunk rack on back.
Phaeton seats up to seven.
Also an ideal Roadster.
Also a beautiful Coupe.
Also a Limousine.

HUDSON MOTOR CAR COMPANY, 8185 Jefferson Avenue, Detroit, Mich.

1915

Mitchell

Light Four

\$1250



A Revelation in 1915 Automobile Values

Never before have such unprecedented values been offered as in the 1915 Mitchell Light Four. Here is a car that is literally crammed with value. It represents, in our opinion, the best "Buy" in Motordom today.

Look where you will—but if you once see this wonderful car you will be compelled to admit that it is the greatest on the market today.

The Mitchell 1915 Light Four is a John W. Bate masterpiece. John W. Bate is the greatest authority in the automobile world—he is responsible for more radical changes—he has achieved more than any other man living. He has built a car that has solved every motor problem—one that is motor simplicity and efficiency in the highest degree—

Read These Remarkable Features:

Light Weight
Accessibility
Economy
Chrome Vanadium Steel Construction
Long Stroke, High-Speed
L-Head Motors
Three-point Motor Suspension
Full Floating Rear Axle
Two-unit—Three-point Construction
Silent Electric Starter
Electric Lights
Silent Chain Drive Shaft to Generator and Distributor
Positive Helical Gear Drive to Cam Shaft
Water Pump on Fan Shaft
Dimming Search Lights—Non-Glare System
Electric Horn
Speedometer
Gasoline Gauge
Mitchell Power Tire Pump
One-Man Top
Integral Rain Vision Two-Piece Windshield
Quick-Action Side Curtains
Crowned Fenders
Portable Exploring Lamp
Demountable Rims
Extra Tire Carrier in Rear
Stream Line Body
License Brackets

Light Weight But Safety First

Safety and Durability have not been sacrificed in the 1915 Mitchell Light Four.

It's a light weight car—yet one that will ride rough country roads as well as smooth city boulevards and not acquire the expensive "garage habit" either.

Rough every day going is anticipated in the "Bate two-unit three-point suspension construction"—twists and jars will not throw essential parts out of order—accidents are also prevented—

An Economical Car

Because the cost of keeping it on the road is small—its repair bills are infrequent and gasoline cost moderate—

Fewer parts than used in most cars to get out of order—more drop forgings—more hand work—all these help keep the car running and make the Mitchell an economical car.

Saves Gasoline

Because gasoline energy is turned into mileage with less loss than in ordinary cars—

Friction is reduced to a minimum—the offset crank shaft—prevents friction and secures all the gasoline energy for turning the wheels.

The perfect cooling of the motor insures complete combustion—no gas is wasted—

The beautiful simplicity of the car insures the maximum of smooth running with a minimum of resistance.

Accessible

Of course all cars are accessible—their makers say so—

But lift the hood of the Mitchell 1915 Light Four and see what accessibility and simplicity really mean—

You can see for yourself even if you're not an expert—compare what you see there with what you see under the hood of other cars.

The real accessibility of Mitchell cars enables the adjustment of a part before a repair becomes necessary—when a repair is required a Mitchell car does not have to be entirely dismantled—the 75% of repair time employed in dismantling a car is thus saved. But of prime importance is the longer life of the car this accessibility assures.

Smooth Riding

Like riding on velvet—because the weight is evenly distributed and carried low—and the springs are extra long—extra strong and resilient. The upholstery is luxuriously comfortable. Ask your dealer for a demonstration that will tell the real story—

Saves Tires

Because each wheel carries its full share of the load—no set of wheels more than another—wheels are properly and perfectly aligned—no side motion to rub the tread off.

Finally

In appearance the 1915 Mitchell Light Four is as snappy a car as you ever saw—long, low, rakish—with all the up-to-the-minute accessories. Finished in rich dark Imperial-French blue—nickel trimmed.

There are 35,000 Mitchells in use today.

Maybe a Mitchell owner lives near you. Write us and we'll tell you—Mitchell owners can tell you more about the Mitchell reliability than we can.

Get the Personal Touch

Ask for a demonstration. If there isn't a Mitchell dealer in your town write us—we'll arrange a demonstration for you without obligation on your part.

But, if you're going to buy a car be sure and see the Mitchell—ride in one—drive it yourself—Get the Personal Touch. Never before was so much real motor value crammed in any car.

We have a complete set of booklets—literature—interesting and illuminating.

Please write for them.

Address:
Dept. 127.

Mitchell-Lewis Motor Co.
Racine, Wis. U.S.A.

The Mitchell Line for 1915

Mitchell Light Four—two and five passengers—4 cylinders—35 horse power—116 inch wheel base—34x4 tires, \$1,250
Mitchell Light Four—6 passengers—same as above..... \$1,300
Mitchell Special Six—5 passengers—6 cylinders—50 horse power—132 inch wheel base—36x4½ tires..... \$1,895
Mitchell Special Six—6 passengers—same as above..... \$1,995
Mitchell Six De Luxe—7 passengers—6 cylinders—144 in. wheel base—60 horse power—37x5 tires..... \$2,350

F. O. B. Racine



American and Foreign weaves in soft-finished Worsteds, Cheviots and Flannel effects in the New Tartan Checks and Glen Urquhart Plaids.

The Beaufort Sack Suit

(By the House of Kuppenheimer)

ADVANCE Fall and Winter Model for Young Men. A good example of an entirely new standard in men's clothing—a quality that is attracting the attention of the whole country to the productions of this house.

The BEAUFORT is a three-button sack, with full soft roll, form fitting, with the correct narrow shoulders and sleeves. It has style, every detail correct, authentic, the general effect graceful and pleasing.

The difference is right here—much of the tailoring you see today is a straining after the fashion rather than an achievement of it.

We venture to say you will not find anything approaching our BEAUFORT or BRITISH models for Young Men under any other than the House of Kuppenheimer label. You may in a way find similar detail, but the effect is not convincing.

Men everywhere should realize that this is a time of *better values* in clothing. Yesterday is not today. Old methods are passing. There are new *demands* and new *possibilities*.

If you have the opportunity to see these Kuppenheimer Suits, slip them on; stand on a rug in front of a mirror and say whether we are wrong or right.

We want you to know us better and we want to know you.

Kuppenheimer Clothes are sold by a representative store in nearly every Metropolitan center of the United States and Canada. If you care to give us your name on a post card we will be glad to send you our Book of Fashions.

THE HOUSE OF KUPPENHEIMER
Makers of Clothes for Men and Young Men
Chicago

Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Entered at the New York Post
Office as Second-Class Matter

MARK SULLIVAN, EDITOR

Entered as Second-Class Matter at the
Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada

France Marches Singing

By Gelett Burgess

THE fourteenth of July I arrived in Paris. It was a national holiday. Singing, dancing on the streets. Little boys with fiddles, girls with skirts slit higher than ever, the crowd on the boulevards jesting, jostling, laughing—and gambling at roulette and rouge-et-noir upon the sidewalks. And not for one night only, either; this year the ever-blithe Parisian gala had lasted for three hilarious days. Never had I seen Paris so gay. Electric lights everywhere, arches, bands, and flags, rollicking soldiers, students, tourists, girls, and beggars! Other cities have their carnival moods, but in Paris gaiety is an art. Nowhere in the world are there such enthusiastic demonstrations of youth and song, of love and kisses. That night, along the Seine, laughter exploded with the fireworks until the dawn came up. But to-day—there is no dancing on the streets of Paris. Oh, there are still kisses; but they are different now—they are drowned in tears! Yes, there is still youth, but it is ebbing, ebbing away, draining Paris down to the women and old men. Songs? There is but one song left—"La Marseillaise." *C'est la guerre!* It is war—war! War on every corner. "A Berlin! Hou! Hou! A Berlin! Hou! Hou!" In the café everyone jumps to his feet. Instantly the place is emptied. From queerly bearded students, from girls standing on chairs, from aproned waiters—yes, even from the fat throat of madame, the patronne, at her desk, the yell goes up: "Vive la France!" And the blue, white, and red banner, with a thousand boys in its wake, marches, shouting, down the Boulevard San Michel: "A Berlin! Hou! Hou! A Berlin! Hou! Hou!"—leaving a seething wake of patriotism behind. For fifteen days clouds hung over the city, drizzling a little every day, alternate sunshine and rain, threatening all the time. For fifteen days also the mental tension tightened, tightened, tightened, as if some one were screwing up a spring. "What will Servia answer?" the chasseur of my hotel asked me, as he brought in my paper. Three days later a friendly policeman was asking: "Do you think Russia will stand by the Slavs?" Another week and it was my calm, intelligent laundress: "That German Kaiser, he is truly mad!" Next came the question: "Will France mobilize? Will Germany declare war?" And lastly: "Ah, if England will only keep faith!" There grew less hope for peace. Blacker and blacker grew the chance of escape. At every café the conversation became more and more serious. At every doorway the concierge gossiped, while the cordonnier and the facteur dejectedly shook their heads. Groups formed and grew larger, here, there, everywhere; behind that tree, in front of the bakery, inside the charcuterie, chattering excitedly over the news. Two words jumped out like rifle shots from every discussion; one heard them again and again: "L'Allemagne!" and "La guerre!" Down the streets, racing from the Grands Boulevards, the camelots came running every afternoon, shouting "La Patrie!" and "La Presse!" The papers were snatched and fought for on every corner; the first editions barely lasted to the Pantheon.

"We'll Finish It Up This Time!"

AT THE newspaper kiosks men and women struggled for the sheets, tore them to pieces in their haste, and, devouring the news, bumped into bystanders right and left, as, head down, absorbed, they stalked off.

So the days passed until that fateful Saturday—that black Saturday—the first of August, 1914.

I was sitting with Webster on the terrace of the Brasserie opposite the corner of the Luxembourg Gardens that noon, watching the passers-by. "Isn't that bare-headed girl with the red waist there the one we saw the other night smoking a cigarette at the D'Harcourt with that same chap?" Webster languidly pointed with his cane. "Darned if she isn't kissing him again, right on the sidewalk, in broad daylight, too, and no one is paying any attention at all. Wait a bit, though—say! Why, the girl's crying for all she's worth! Look at her; now he's kissing her!" Webster turned to his beer. "Isn't Paris the limit?"

But I was watching another group, fascinated.



It is the men who are weeping now, as well as the women. That's where I caught the sharp, acrid scent of war's first tragedy

"Why, everybody's kissing!" I said. "Yes, and crying, too! What the devil's the matter? Let's get up and have a look around!"

We left his beer and my coffee cakes and strolled up the street. The little groups we had seen for days had knotted tighter now, but the talk was low and earnest. Over by the post office we saw a noisier set. Could there be an official notice posted? We thought not, and so went on.

But what *was* the matter? Why this appalling gloom that seemed to have settled over the city? There was nothing new in the papers. We were sure of that. We had read them all; we knew all the scareheads:

"The European Crisis!" "Europe Drifting to Disaster!" "Before the Cannon!" "The Specter of War!" and all the changes that could be rung on the Austro-Hungarian situation. What new thing had happened? Surely there was still some hope for peace! What was more important to my friend, at any rate, was to have a new pair of boots made to order. So we went into a shoe shop. A tall, fine-looking woman came forward to meet us, erect, but with eyes like glass, without a glance at us. She moved as if hypnotized. "Boots?" She shrugged her shoulders. "Impossible now! My husband has gone!"—"Gone? Where?"—"To the war."

—Webster and I stared at each other. Mobilization! *That's* what it was. We found now that the first eight classes of the reserves had been called out by mail that morning—every man under twenty-eight must go. Back to the post office we hurried. Bareheaded, in shirt sleeves and aprons, one man, I remember, with a hunk of bread in his hand, still gnawing, and a woman with her knitting, and a nursing mother with her baby—chauffeurs and coachmen—all hurrying up to gaze at the wall. In silence, mostly, with tense, gray faces, they turned away. "That takes my Pierre!" I heard an old woman say, wiping her eyes. "We'll finish it up this time!" and "Well, we're in for it now!" as I crowded in to see the bulletin. One look at the notice pasted to the wall told us the whole dreadful story. A general mobilization! For the first time since 1870 every able-bodied man under forty-five was summoned. At five o'clock the affiche was posted. By six everyone in Paris was buzzing with the news. It was war!

Can you imagine what that means? War had marched down every street, had stopped at every single house, and cried: "Come!" Paris was struck down as if by plague. Fathers, brothers, sons, and lovers were named in every household. Death—mangled bodies—poverty—starvation—and "Who'll pay the rent?" A million arrows transfixing a million hearts that night. We walked back to the hotel in gloom.

My chambermaid brought up my hot water after I had rung four times. "Where are the clean towels?" I demanded. "And there is no drinking glass here, either!" I was irritated. "Why the devil haven't you taken away that tray?"

"Oh, my God!" Clementine broke down.

I looked at her again. Her pretty brown eyes were full. I jumped up, understanding, and fished for a five-franc piece.

"My husband starts to-night!" she moaned. "And my baby—he's in Germany! Think of it, monsieur, nursed by a German!" She turned away. "Oh, my head! My head! Pardon me, monsieur, I don't know what I'm doing. Yes, I'll bring up the towels right away!"

The Nightmare That Is War

BY EIGHT O'CLOCK that evening at every doorway, laundry, milk depot, and pastry shop stood women, staring out blankly into the street, or weeping silently, or whispering, two and two. Leaning against a lamppost I saw a young girl, painted and powdered like a clown, with dyed hair, earrings, and flesh-colored stockings, a creature dressed for musical comedy, crying bitterly, crying and mopping her face till her handkerchief was red and black with melted cosmetics. There was no attempt at privacy anywhere; it was the abandonment of sorrow. Women with month-old babies passed, sobbing; old ladies and school-girls gazed, weeping, out of window after window. It was a nightmare. Paris,

gay Paris, in tears? It was incongruous, grotesque, impossible. It was like the atmosphere one feels before an earthquake or a tornado. One's flesh fairly crawled, as if one were treading on corpses.

What was the matter with the streets? They began to grow queerly silent. To be sure, occasional nervous, determined yellow taxicabs still flew up and down, barking with a new importance—but the autobuses—where were they? In a single hour everyone in the city had disappeared! Every station was deserted.

Clackety-clack, clackety-clack! up the forsaken wooden pavement came a cavalry lieutenant in cuirass and helmet and horsehair plume, galloping with orders. Shop shutters began to go up. And still the weeping women stood haggard in the doorways. Far away came the sound of cadenced shouting on the boulevard, louder and louder: "A Berlin! Hou! Hou! A Berlin! Hou! Hou! A Berlin! Hou! Hou!" The reaction had already set in.

"He's a German!"

THAT was a night on the Grands Boulevards! In every café one heard, over and over, "La Marseillaise!" Flags appeared like pansies in a night; the tricolor of France first, last, and all the time—then, more and more frequently, the yellow banner of Russia and the British Union Jack. You were not laughed at now if you spoke English in the cafés. "God Save the King!" became the popular song. Chorus after chorus came—came the Russian national hymn; stand up, there; take off your hat! A girl jumped on a table and led the song, waving a cotton flag—the orchestra could not be heard for the tumult.

Suddenly a scream. "He's a German!" cried the girl. In an instant war had exploded in that café, with shrieks and blows and curses, and before the police could get through the door a mass of ragged clothing and a pompadoured blond head rolled out, kicked by a dozen pointed toes.

One thought that excitement could rise no higher in that café, but this was but the froth of the turmoil, that false patriotism that seeks expression in barbarous vengeance. There was a sneer on Webster's intellectual face as the tumult subsided. Suddenly he grabbed my arm. "Look!" he exclaimed. "Now we'll get the real thing!"

The Lost Province

I TURNED to the commotion at the door; I caught a glimpse of red and white—a gold cross flashed on the red as a flag was carried in. Then there was a roar. There was no doubt about the deep genuineness of the emotion this time—every face reflected a stirred soul. "What flag is that?"

"Alsace-Lorraine!" cried Webster. "You see? The lost province. It isn't for nothing they have decorated the statue of Strasbourg with mourning wreaths for forty years. Well, they'll get their chance now!"

"When do you go?" asked one of another. "The second day." "I on the third day of mobilization."

How can we get to the station? No more autobuses—their seats have been taken out, and, loaded with provisions, they are already on their way to the front. At Soissons the peasants are watching a Clichy-Odéon bus, piled with hams, tolling up a muddy hill. Miles away on the road to Nancy by now the Madeleine-Courbevoie bus has sacks of beans piled up to the tops of its windows, all riding first-class, cheered by soldiers. All of them today are "Complet." What will they bring home? Trophies of war or collins?

But the trams are still running on half time and quarter time when they can, short-handed, with most of their men mobilizing. The Metro still runs, and you can ride, if you can get on—that is, if you are a prize fighter or a football champion—or a woman. Talk about a New York subway crush at the rush hour! The Brooklyn Bridge Station at five-thirty? That's comparative comfort. This is war in large red letters. Why, in the New York Subway the

sliding doors are manned by guards who ram you in, and the train waits till they are locked. On the Metro to-day, bound for the Gare de l'Est, there are no guards at the doors. The passengers themselves shut them—if they can—and the train starts at the whistle with half of them open. Never shall I forget that desperate girl, dragged by one hand till she fell rolling



The Gare de l'Est is surrounded by a high iron fence. At the gates no one but the mobilized may enter. Paris is under martial law

on the platform. Women with children, women with infants even, coming back from seeing father off to the war—men with broken ribs and baskets—why, I saw the clothes stripped almost entirely off one baby, and it was passed from hand to hand over the heads of the crowd to a place of safety. Yelling ladies were carried one station, two stations, three, past their destinations, unable to get out through the jam. Women near the doors left the train miles this side of their homes rather than endure the grip of that human vise.

Flying up and down the streets go the taxicabs, every one loaded down with trunks, hurrying the timid and the exigent off to the stations. And then was when we got our first laugh. Did I say trunks? Boxes, bags, chests, grips, baby carriages, tubs, and bicycles, and, lost somewhere in the midst of the conglomeration, a little lady, frightened, anxious, hurried

At the stations the floors are covered with miscellaneous strewn luggage. People coming in from the country, and nowhere and no way to go. No luggage is registered to-night; you must watch it yourself—watch it or drop it, walk over it or leave it to itself while you go in the vain search for a carriage. Boxes split open, pa's best silk hat trodden under foot, milady's Duchesse lace handkerchief black with mud, overturned baskets of fruit and soiled linen, broken glassware and split talcum powder, pasteboard cartons mortally wounded, bleeding crushed cracker crumbs. Desperately on guard, sitting on tin trunks and holdalls, English women with umbrellas and golf clubs stare all night. Everyone is his own expressman. Why, at some hotels near the stations they were sleeping all over the court and corridors—priests and American girls and red-trousered soldiers!

England's Allegiance

ALONG the sidewalks, workmen tramping, tramping home, too excited to miss the autobuses. The cafés are full, but don't ask for Munich beer to-day! The Grands Boulevards are hectic. Charging through the crowd comes something—what are the people cheering at? Here they are, an auto full of buxom Red Cross nurses in white linen, with long, floating headdresses. There was the first thrill of definite, serious endeavor. In the Boulevard Poissonnière one can scarcely get past at all. The street is jammed with the crowds opposite the bulletin boards of "Le Matin." On the sidewalks I found a crowd of a hundred singing from penny leaflets "The Vision of War" as earnestly as a Sunday school chanting "Onward, Christian Soldiers!"

It is all deadly earnest now for all the froth of marching youths who are "on to Berlin." There is no wild enthusiasm, no manifest abandon of patriotism. The thing is too big; one's imagination cannot handle it. The news, as it comes in, is almost too good to be true. Men are not excited by it, they are staggered. The English fleet is with us! Give a man a dollar and he may wax enthusiastic. But give him a million and he is struck dumb. That's how Paris felt when England declared war.

Woe to the Extortionist!

THE smaller streets are still full of people walking. Not a taxicab is at liberty. The moment it unloads its fare it is taken by assault. The fiacres crawl along, their horses almost asleep, head down, staggering, until at last the driver cries out to all "Je rentre!" and creeps back toward the stable. But poor old Dobbin is not safe yet. A soldier has hailed the cab and will not be denied. In vain the driver disclaims that he has driven a hundred kilometers that day without a drink. His horse is dying. No use, the soldier insists—he must get to his caserne for the mobilization! A few spectators stop; more come; in five minutes a mob has collected. Patriotically they threaten the coachman. At last the soldier drives off to his station, lolling on the cushions, yelling "à Berlin!" and puffing a cigarette. Tired taxicab drivers may protest that their motors are broken down, but it is the nags that suffer.

And the prices? No, they are not yet raised, even with all this hasty demand. Woe to the chauffeur who attempts extortion! His fare has only to appeal to the crowd, and the driver is threatened with fists, canes, vile language, and the police. But since there are not motor cabs enough for all, most of the mobilized men must perforce trudge it wearily in their old clothes, with two days' provisions in a bag, clear to the station.

there to be packed into trains—first class, second class, third class, there is no distinction now—by freight vans even—for their journey to headquarters.

The Gare de l'Est is a long, low, dingy granite building, surrounded by a high iron fence, a defense that is very necessary to-day. It is guarded by a cordon of police, holding back the crowd, pointing to the placards which

(Continued on page 21)



"Vive la France!" And the blue, white, and red banner, with a thousand boys in its wake, marches shouting down the boulevard San Michel: "A Berlin! Hou! Hou! A Berlin! Hou! Hou!"

to distraction, clutching three large hats and a yowling white collie. Multiply this situation by thousands, and you have Paris that first night.

Barney Has a Hunch

By Harvey J. O'Higgins

ILLUSTRATED BY W. OBERHARDT

THIS was a warm afternoon in June. It was humid after a morning's rain. And City Hall Square was at once hot and moist and noisy and crowded, so that the very air seemed to be stifled and perspiring, as if it were panting with uproar and exhausted by the persecutions of haste. Barney was standing in the oppressive shade of the World Building, with some limp newspapers under his arm—disguised in an old suit of clothes that he had outgrown and a cap that he had once discarded—perfunctorily making a show of seeking customers and vacantly watching the faces that passed. He was supposed to be on the lookout for a suspect who had escaped the surveillance of the Babbling Bureau, in Brooklyn; and he had been waiting so for several days at the bridge entrance, for the purpose of picking up the man's trail again if he should happen by. But the continuous stream of traffic had put him into the daydream of an idler who lolls on a bridge to watch running water; and whenever he became sensible of his surroundings it was merely to envy the crowd in front of the "World's" score board who could follow the baseball game—as he could not.

A passer-by aroused him by offering him a nickel for a newspaper, and glanced at the front page with a hand still held out for change. Barney yawned as he counted the four cents into the open palm. The fingers closed on the money, but the hand did not move. Barney, surprised, looked up from the hand to the owner of it. The man was reading headlines so intently that he was unconscious of all else, and he was blinking at what he read, with his lips pressed together in some sort of instinctive effort to conceal any betrayal of the excitement that showed in his eyes.

IT DID not take him more than two or three "bats" of the eyelid—as Barney would have said—to gather the meaning of the headlines. Then he hastily folded up the paper, thrust his change into his pocket, and hurried away with the air of having picked up something that he wished to examine in secret. And Barney, after one blank moment of staring hesitation, followed him hypnotically.

Those headlines announced, as Barney knew, that the father of Elizabeth Baxter had offered a reward of five thousand dollars to anyone who could discover what had become of her. And Barney had suddenly found himself with what detectives call "a hunch." He could not have explained it. He could not have defended it. But into his empty brain, on the instant that he had seen the man's expression, there had come a conviction that this respectable-looking stranger had a guilty knowledge of the Baxter case. Of the dozen innocent explanations of the man's manner he could not have combated one. And he did not know enough about the case to judge what possible connection this fellow might have with it. He was not even sufficiently conscious of his mental operations to ask himself whether he ought to leave his post at the bridge to follow such a vague scent. He followed it as unreasonably as an animal that is carried away by an instinct.

And once having abandoned himself to it, he was possessed by it to the exclusion of everything else. "Here, kid," he said hastily aside to the first newsboy that he met, "take my stock. I'll see you later," and he gave up his papers to the gaping newsie as recklessly as he had given up his post. He went along Nassau Street, looking anywhere except at the Panama hat and blue-serge shoulders that he followed; but he did not see anything except these; the rest was in his eyes, but not in his mind; and he had the large, idle, disinterested stare of an operative who is tailing.

HE TURNED down Broadway in this manner, expecting to see his man enter an office building, and ready to close up on him, so that he might not lose him at an elevator. At Liberty Street he followed across Broadway and saw his quarry making toward the water front. And then he realized that it was after five o'clock and the man was a suburbanite going home. He felt in his pocket to assure himself that he had his twenty-five dollars of expense money—given him to use, if he should need it, in following the Brooklyn suspect. He found it and kept his hand on it. With that nothing could stop him. The man had no bag; he could not be going far. Once traced to his home, Babbling could be reached by telephone and the bureau could do the rest.

And even this thought of Babbling did not halt him. It rather drove him on. Instead of stopping

to reconsider what he was doing—in the aspect that it would wear if it ended badly—he was so obsessed by the assurance of its ending well that he hastened to meet the conclusion that should vindicate him. And, as if the thought of Babbling were Babbling him-



The fingers closed on the money, but the hand did not move. Barney, surprised, looked up from the hand to the owner of it. The man was reading headlines

self pursuing him, he only glanced behind at it and then hurried the more, to reach the safe end of the adventure before he could be overtaken. He had been too long bored by the routine of subordinate work that had no thrill in it. Here was a bit of scouting on his own responsibility—with the chance of a little distinction if he succeeded. The pursuing doubt of what would happen if he failed only added the excitement of truancy.

HE CAME to the ferryhouse of the Jersey Central Railroad, so close on the heels of his "subject" that he had to pass him, when he stopped to buy more newspapers at the entrance. But inside the doors Barney dawdled until he was behind again, and only closed up to see the suburbanite show a commutation ticket at the gates.

Barney was ignorant enough to suppose that the ticket was a pass, because the gateman did not punch it; but he was not too ignorant to know that he could get through the gates by paying his fare on the ferry—three cents—which he took from his newspaper pennies in his coat pocket. He was puzzled to know how to discover for what destination he should buy a ticket, for if the man was traveling on a pass he could get off or on the train wherever he pleased, with no questions asked.

A ferryboat was waiting in its slip, and the man entered the woman's saloon while Barney went in among the smokers. He had had enough experience in tailing to know that he ought not to be visible to his subject when he could cover him from ambush; and he walked confidently to the forward end of the boat, to wait there until his man should come out

to disembark. He was worried about his railroad ticket. He foresaw that without one he would not be able to pass the gates in the railroad station, and he might not have time to run back to buy a ticket after he had seen what train he ought to take.

While the ferryboat was threading its way across the traffic of the river he was busy devising stratagems to outwit the gatekeeper. He would pretend that his mother was on the train with his ticket. Or he would come running, as an office boy, with a verbal message to his employer, who was a passenger. Or he would say that he had missed a man in a Panama hat and a blue serge suit, who had his ticket; and had such a man passed the gates?

Considering his clothes, he decided that he had better say he was traveling with his mother, who was a cook, newly hired to work in some country place of which he did not know the name. He was to have met her on the station platform. He had missed her. She had his ticket. He wanted to go and look for her.

THAT ought to be convincing. He decided to try it. The ferryboat was nosing and bumping its way into its dock at Jersey City when the Panama hat came out with a crowd of passengers, and Barney maneuvered to get a good look at the wearer of it. The sum of his observation was that the man appeared inoffensive. He was well dressed, but his clothes showed both the wear that they had had and the care that had been taken of them. He carried gloves—though it was so warm—but they were soiled leather gloves that had evidently weathered the winter. He was an oldish young man, an office worker probably, well featured, of the lean type. Barney had often delivered telegrams to his kind, in downtown offices, behind spindle railing, at secretarial desks. The only thing unusual about him was the set look of distant expectancy with which he kept his eyes fixed on nothing ahead of him, uneasily, excitedly, but with no guilty suspicion of anyone around him.

He pushed his way through the stream of passengers that went ashore with him, and Barney had to race to keep up. In the train shed he went directly to his train with the assurance of custom, knowing exactly where to find it. And to Barney's relief there were no gates and no gatekeepers. A board at the track end gave a list of the stations at which the train stopped. The last of these was "Somerville." Barney said to himself: "Me fer Somerville"—and followed down the platform.

He was led to the smoking car, which was hardly more than half a car, because the forward part of it had been cut off to make a baggage room. He took the seat nearest the rear door and watched some of the suburbanites getting squares of heavy cardboard from the baggage man to use as card tables on their knees; they sat down in fours, here and there, to play. The Panama hat was invited to join some acquaintance at euchre and declined; he was engaged with his newspapers and brier pipe. A man directly in front of Barney was hailed to make the fourth in the game, and threw aside his paper to accept. Barney leaned over the back of the seat and took the paper. At that moment the train started, and his young imagination—that had been reined in restively while he watched—was set galloping with the forward motion, so that when he opened his paper, to study out the Baxter case, he could no more control his attention than if he were in school with a textbook on a spring day beside an open window that overlooked a baseball game.

He frowned diligently at a portrait of Elizabeth Baxter, smiling, on the front page—a dark girl of twenty, naively handsome and self-assured. He gathered from her picture nothing more than a feeling that her smile was incongruous. He did not understand that the photograph had been originally published with the announcement of her engagement to marry a conspicuously wealthy old bachelor named Huntley—an occasion for which a smile was fitting. He stared at the Panama hat. He looked out the window absent-mindedly. He smiled to himself. He came back to his newspaper with a guilty start.

THIS is what he should have been reading: Miss Elizabeth Baxter was the only daughter of D. B. Baxter, who was vaguely described as a "well-known Wall Street man." She had left her father's apartment in the Antonia one morning to go to her dressmaker's, and she had telephoned to her maid, two hours later, that she would not be home for luncheon. She had not returned for dinner either. Nor for the

night. Next morning private detectives, secretly employed by her father and her fiancé, had started on her trail, and by the end of two weeks they had found that she had been to her dressmaker's at ten o'clock in the morning; that she had bought a novel in a Fifth Avenue bookshop at half past eleven; that she had telephoned at a quarter to twelve from a candy store where she had bought a box of chocolates; that when she left the candy store she disappeared "as completely as if the earth had opened and swallowed her."

No trace of her hand been found. No word had come from her. At the end of two weeks her frightened parent appealed to the police, and the police counseled secrecy, because it would be easier to discover the criminal if no alarm were raised.

THEY discovered nothing. There was no reason why she should have run away. She had no enemies, no love affairs—except the legitimate one with her fiancé—no trouble either of body or mind, no secrets that the police detectives could so much as raise a suspicion of.

Then her father offered a reward and gave his story to the newspapers. Another "mysterious disappearance"! Lists were printed of the names of girls who had been reported "missing" to the New York police in the year past, and they made an alarming array of victims for "a plague of crime" that threatened "every home." If the "rich and beautiful" Elizabeth Baxter were not safe, whose daughter could be considered beyond danger? She had been destroyed by the white-slave trade and the "poison needle." She had been snatched away from crowded Fifth Avenue, at midday, in broad sunlight, and barred up in some noisome den of abductors. She would be murdered now—to escape detection—if she had not been murdered already.

Her case had been discussed that morning in the operatives' room of the Babbling Bureau, but Barney had heard only one authoritative remark upon it, and that had been repeated as Babbling's diagnosis: "When a girl buys a book and a box of chocolates, she's going on a railroad journey. This poison-needle talk is all bunk! Did you ever try to give a hypodermic injection? Next thing, these newspaper boys will be running stories of girls being followed on Fifth Avenue and tattooed down the back without knowing it!"

BARNEY said "Somerville" to the conductor and gave him five dollars, and did not even count the change. "When a girl buys a book and a box of chocolates, she's going on a railroad journey." He was in a state to find a confirmation of his "hunch" in the fact that he was on a railroad journey himself, and he gazed out the window at Newark Bay as if he expected to discover there some trace of her passage. She must have looked out at that water as she went by.

The man in the Panama hat did not disengage himself from his newspapers until the car had almost emptied itself at Plainfield. Then he began to make preparations for his arrival at the next station—which the conductor had announced as "Findellen"—and Barney, watching him, took his own paper up again, to shield himself behind it in case the man should glance at him in passing.

"Fin-dell'n! Fin-dell'n!"

Barney spread his sheet and hunched his shoulders. The train had stopped before he dared look around, and when he reached the car platform his man had already disappeared in the station.

"This isn't Somerville," the conductor said.

Barney nodded. "'S all right. Keep the change."

He felt cocky. Not only because he thought he had traced the Baxter mystery to its lair in Findellen, but because Findellen was so small a village to his superior metropolitan eye. It had one "front"

street of shops about as imposing as a row of booths on Coney Island, and its old frame station house was little better than a Harlem shack to Barney. He entered the waiting room and found it empty, except for a row of benches around the walls, some country cuspidors, and an old base-burner, cold and rusty, that was still standing where the winter had left it. He screened himself behind the stove to spy through the open doorway, and he saw his man cranking a little touring car in which a woman sat at the steering wheel. An automobile!

An automobile presented such an unexpected difficulty to tailing that he stood gazing at the car as if it were an impassable obstacle that had suddenly blocked his way. It moved from the square of the door frame. He hurried to the door. The machine was already disappearing up the street that led straight from the station into the hills behind Findellen. He pulled down the peak of his cap and started after it desperately.

Crossing the road, he crossed the car's trail in the paste of red Jersey mud that remained from the morning's rain; three of the wheels had left smooth tracks where the car had turned, and the fourth had imprinted the indented pattern of a corrugated shoe designed to prevent skidding. Barney slowed his pace to study it. He glanced at the sky, that showed sunset colors. He drew a dollar watch from his trouser pocket and found it five minutes after six. He put his cap back from his forehead thoughtfully and turned along the main street—away from the trail of the automobile—to find a hardware store. He could not follow a track in the mud after dark. He had to have a lantern.

AT SEVEN O'CLOCK, with a little electric lamp in his pocket, he was climbing the hill road behind Findellen, munching crackers and cheese that he had bought from a grocery store, and keeping an occasional eye on the corrugations of the automobile track, to make sure that it was still with him. The road slanted obliquely up the side of a ridge that was too steep to be cleared for farming, and Barney could see nothing but bushes, trees, and undergrowth. He could hear nothing but the twilight song of a wood bird. He neither looked nor listened. Inanimate or inanimate nature he had, at his most leisurely moments, only sufficient interest to throw a stone at it. Just now he was not in a holiday mood to try his aim on anything. He had natural human instincts even if he did not belong to a gun club.

At the top of the hill the road paused at the turn to show him a panorama of the flats in which Findellen and the railroad lay, under an evening mist. He did not admire the view, although it was admirable. He thought the street lights made a poor showing after New York—as if the place were living by candlelight in a bare world that was too large for it. He turned his back on it and came over the crest of the hill to see the valley to which the road was leading.

IT WAS a charming valley, with the last light softening its pleasant alternations of field and orchard, smooth meadows, and clustered woods. To Barney it was merely "goose pastures," as Hudson Street calls the green suburbs. It was empty of show windows, billboards, moving-picture fronts, newspaper bulletins, hurdy-gurdys, passers-by, street traffic, peddlers, or any of the noise and movement of affairs that make life in the open air interesting. And it was inhabited by poor country boobies who lived in loneliness, with their eyes on the city, growing cabbages to sell in town.

There could be no doubt that the man in the Panama hat was a crook, concealing himself from the police. That was the only reason why he should live in such a place. Well, it was probably "one better than being in jail."

The road descended a more gradual slope than it had climbed, and Barney trudged along doggedly, with his mind on his destination. He expected to be walking all night, because, of course, the man would not have an auto if he lived within easy walking distance of the station.

And Barney intended, when he had located the house, to wait until daylight to reconnoiter before deciding how to make his approach.

He was in a little cellar of hanging shelves and larder cupboards. He saw an open door that led into another part of the basement. He had them. It was a man and two women. And the very first words that he heard gave him the solution of the Baxter mystery



He crossed a bridge, that was little larger than a culvert, over a stream that was no more than a liquid note among pebbles. There was a clearing on his left, with a house in it and a barn; the automobile track did not pass it more indifferently than Barney did. The road dipped and rose again, turned through woods, came out on open fields, dropped through a grove of spruce, crossed another little hollow, rose to a sharp hillock, and started down a stony incline toward the broad valley that Barney had seen from the top of the ridge.

The auto track did not show on the stones, but on every rise and fall of the road there were water bars that held little pockets of mud, and through these the trail was clear. Barney heeded nothing else—neither the lights of the farmhouses, nor the barking of farm dogs, nor the cool accompaniment of an evening breeze that came rustling and rustling through the grass and the foliage.

IT WAS growing dark, and he was planning to use his electric lamp, when a dog rushed barking to the roadside from a little bungalow that looked out over the valley from the edge of the final descent. It was an aristocratic collie dog, and Barney growled at it, class consciously. It worked itself into a nervous frenzy of vociferous disapproval of him. He hissed and spat at it like a cat with the purpose of enticing it down the road to a place where some lilac bushes would hide him from the house. There he intended to "give it one in the ribs with a rock"; but as soon as the collie saw him stooping for the stone, it fled growling. He threw his stone at a convenient oak tree—whose air of dignified indifference provoked the insult—and went on.

He was near the bottom of the hill when he crossed the muddy pocket of another water bar and saw no auto trail in it. And his expression of idle mischief changed at once to a look of intent and crafty determination. He glanced behind him, to make sure that he was concealed from the cottage. Then he crawled through an old wire fence, into the woods on the opposite side of the road from the cottage, and disappeared, crouching, in the underbrush.

THE dog, after some distantly defiant barks, fell silent. In a few moments the whole hillside, relieved of Barney's disturbing presence, settled down into dim meditateness peacefully. The cottage was a simple, shingled bungalow, with a chimney of field stones that sent up a quiet curl of smoke; and it sat there, weather-browned and unpretentious, looking out over the valley, like an old woodsman in a wilderness serenely smoking his pipe. A hermit thrush began to sing its devotional roulades in the distance, and its song gave an interpretative voice to the grave and limpid beauty of the evening; and the scene held that song in its setting as harmoniously as the pale-green sky above the sunset held the sparkle of the first star. Nothing could have looked less like the hiding place of a criminal mystery.

Darkness had settled down on peace, and the moon was rising on it, when Barney issued unexpectedly from the bushes and began to scuffle noisily up the road again to attract the collie. He had his coat over his arm, and when the dog came barking at him he swung the coat at it, and retreated trailing it, and flicked it into the dog's mouth when

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Mandy's Methods

By Nelson Burnham

ILLUSTRATED BY CLIFFORD CARLETON

"CURIOUS thing!" fumed Mandy, pressing hard to drive a rusty pin through her buttonless basque. "Whenever I'm in right smart of a hurry ever'thing comes up a-missin'. First it was one o' the younguns strayed off 'fore anyone was awake, then it was ever' las' dud I wanted to wear a-travelin' to-day, then it was the pig; and now it's that there coffeepot!" Looking over the kitchen's bewildering disorder, she sighed heavily. "Nothin' I see anywheres lookin' even like a coffeepot. Where's them there younguns?—betcher they could tell where 'tis."

She impatiently jerked from a shelf an old rusty can, and, preparatory to using it for coffee making, was shaking out its contents of nails, fishing tackle, nutmeg, and dust, when she heard a commotion that proclaimed the whirlwind of the coming of her "Happy six."

John-Harkless and Hannah-Melissie came tearing down the dusty road as runaway mules, the coffeepot on a long rope bumping and bouncing between them with continuous tinny rattle. Menorie-Ann, Marg'et-Selene, and Patience-Amandy followed closely in a cloud of yellow dust screaming, "whoa, there, whoa!" Lagging far behind toddled the youngest of the lot, Emmie-Viole, aged two and a half years, stumbling through the hot, suffocating dust, crying, "Ait fo' me? Boo-hoo. Ait—neow—a—ait." And behind Emmie-Viole trotted a lean, brown pig.

THE "mules" were stopped in their mad career as they plunged around the little path leading to the kitchen. John-Harkless was heroically brought to a standstill by a master hand that protruded suddenly from nowhere, while the other master hand overpowered Hannah-Melissie. Some of the mule spirit fled.

"John-Harkless, how many times a day do I git to use this here coffeepot 'thout havin' to ransack the whole town over fer ut?—sa-ay. Hain't I told ju? Say!" John-H found himself sitting on the patch of "pussly" near the lean, brown pig, which was standing prop-legged and scared, uncertain which way to run. Hannah-Melissie was juggled ungently into the kitchen and a splint-bottomed chair.

"Now, my young lady, you just set there till the cow comes home." Marg'et-Selene with the group at the doorway moved to obey, when a rasping voice from within commanded—"Fetch it in here to me."

"It" meant what remained of the coffeepot.

"Patience-Amandy!"

Patience-Amandy with the others on the outside peered, guiltily interested, at the proceedings within.

"Patience-Amandy!"

P.-A. stooped to dig her mosquito-bitten leg, threw a telepathic glance over her shoulder at the rest and giggled. She usually did giggle when the rest saw fit to cry. Patience-Amandy was nine years old, a twin to John-Harkless, and by reputation an imp.

"Patience-Amandy!"

The mother's head framed itself at the window. "It's about time you was a-answerin', miss. Git along out some'ers and fin' me a stone 'bout half's big as my fist. Hurry now. One fer to go inside, an' another to pound with!"

MANDY held the coffeepot to the light, discovering only one new hole.

"If them pesky younguns don't quit a gettin' my coffeepot to play horse with, the' won't be no room in it fer the dents to hold any coffee. Oh, my, if all their paws was only alive!"

The children were divided into three sets, Mandy having been wedded three times. Now she was on the alert to scare up a fourth husband. Absently turning over the dilapidated coffeepot, she repeated pathetically with another prolonged sigh, "Law, yes, if their paws only could-a lived!"

The parents referred to were Lige Smith, father of

John-Harkless and Patience-Amandy, twins, aged nine years. Jake Smith, father of Hannah-Melissie and Margaret Selene, aged, respectively, seven and six years. And Ezra Smith, father of Menora Ann, and Emma Viola, aged, respectively, four and two and a half years.

JONATHAN CREEK was a settlement of Smiths, but none of Mandy's husbands had borne any relationship to each other.

"Well," concluded Mandy, giving the coffeepot one more rough bang on the table, "betcher the next one'll live, or else git 'im one o' them there life assurances. Next widder I git to be will be som'p'm worth bein' left wi'out no man fer! Guess'll give 'em pancakes an' 'lasses fer breakfus'. John Ha-rk-le-ess, fetch me in



John-Harkless and Hannah-Melissie came tearing down the dusty road as runaway mules and were stopped in their mad career as they plunged down the little path

some o' them there chips." Breakfast over, Mandy proceeded to pack her "grip."

"Now what'll I do?" her troubles shifted to the packing, "how in the name o' sense will I stretch this here meal sack to squeeze my good bunnet in ut? Don't that beat all, it won't go in! Oh, well," she impatiently gathered up bonnet, meal sack, and shoes, "more'n one way to kill a cat! I'll jus' wrap the sack round, an' carry my shoes in my han's. Guess'm ready. Say, John-Harkless, don't ye ferget to hunt up the bucket fer Abe Smith to milk in to-night. And lock the house up good'n tight," she cautioned; "and you go over to Mis' Wooley's and git the slop fer the pig to-day. If it rains, shut down the winders 'at has any glass in 'em; and see to ut that you're all abed, and asleep," she emphasized, "by sundown. Goo'by. Now don't ever las' one of ye come a whoopin' and a hollerin' an' a follerin'; goo'by."

IT WAS not the first time Mandy had started to the city afoot, although it was a distance of twenty miles. She "figared on gettin' a lift now an' then" as far as some farmer happened to be driving her way. Sometimes—she made the trip three or four times a year—it chanced to be all the way, for she was not particular whether she perched upon a load of hay, pumpkins, or hoop poles.

"This goin' cross lots beats trackin' 'way 'round by the schoolhouse" and Mandy slowly climbed and sat upon the top of a rail fence, sniffing the delicious perfume from a field of sweet clover on the other side through which she intended following a narrow trail leading to the "big road." Hearing a slight disturbance from behind she looked back quickly. There

came Hannah-Melissie. Mandy dismounted the "stake and rider" to advance upon the panting child. She met Mandy's glowering look with one of innocent affection; she wanted to run into her mother's arms, but they were not extended to her. "It's a pity if I can't git away from you tormented younguns in peace! If you come another inch, you'll git the worst lickin' ye ever did git. Why don't ye mind?"

Mandy took another threatening step forward, but stopped short, struck with the overwhelming disappointment and pain that had transformed the little face. "What 'id ye come fer?" the tone and manner mollified.

Hannah-Melissie couldn't tell what she had come for; her lip quivered, and a bare sunburned arm went up over tear-brimmed eyes to shield her hurt feelings.

"Come 'ere, Hannah-Melissie," and with a tremendous sob, Hannah-Melissie stood close to her mother.

"If ye tell me, in the name o' common reason a-why you younguns never want to mind fer, I'll be obligationed," which was Greek to Hannah-Melissie;

she only continued to cry softly.

"What is it ut ye want?" Mandy shook her impatiently but not roughly. The little face again sought the mother's with a childish, pathetic yearning.

"Well, I washed my face all—good," she explained, "and I thought meby you'd—kiss me—agin," and Hannah-Melissie sobbed afresh.

"Well, of all things! You alwuz was the funniest critter," and Mandy lifted the famished, unmothered little thing onto the rail fence, took the brown arms from over teary eyes and placed them about her own neck.

"There, don't cry no more, and maybe I'll kiss ye again when I git back."

"Good-by, maw," said the child simply, happily clambering down. Once as she skipped light-heartedly toward home she turned and waved. Mandy waved back and there were tears in her eyes.

"Maybe I don't know how to be no mother—I never was give to pettin' up anything, and like as not they'd be a heap better fer it. But no use, 'cause 'tain't my way."

Coming out of the field of clover into the public road she trudged along a tiny bypath, the rich ozone of the open county stimulating within her an independent happiness.

WHEN she caught a low, hollow rumble of wheels coming through the old covered bridge half a mile back, Mandy swung about abruptly, and, shading her eyes, watched and waited.

"Can't just make out—" She stood on one tiptoe and stretched her neck, although there was no obstruction.

"It's a man," she solved exultantly, "but who on earth—'tain't ole man Bundy, 'tain't Bundy's mare. Now who—" Mandy excitedly drew forth from the meal sack her "good bunnet"; thrusting the improvised paper sunbonnet into the hedge, she replaced it with one trimmed with somebody's old lace shawl and a moth-eaten wing.

The rattle of a dilapidated carriage was becoming louder. Hurriedly Mandy put on her shoes; she usually carried them until the city limits were reached; she was unaccustomed to the general use of shoes and stockings from the time frost came out of the ground in the spring until it was "right nippy" in the fall; and yet, her toilet completed, Mandy walked demurely along apparently unaware of approaching wheels; not until they were dangerously close to passing her did she look up.

"H're ye," greeted a jaundice-complexioned stranger pulling at the reins.

"Howdy-do, sir," blankly smiled Mandy.

"Be ye goin' far?" questioned the stranger.

"Right smart a ways."

"Git in!" hospitably offered the stranger.

She clambered in quickly, and the vehicle rattling along had become a veritable golden chariot of rosy romance to Mandy. She loosened somebody's castaway velvet cape at her throat to display a necklace of red wax beads, and brought to light a pair of cotton gloves made into mits; their worn fingers being cut away. Mandy did the talking. She told the man all about herself—and then she had told him all about himself—that is so far as she could offer information applicable to any lonely stranger. Finally at the end of three miles she advised him to get married. Then she, too, fell silent, waiting. She waited half a mile and was becoming disheartened. The next quarter mile she wiped a tear with the back of her made-over mit.

"My ole woman's only bin dead now goin' on to two months," her companion at last volunteered.

"She'll never be deader ten years from now!" argued Mandy, her tears drying with this encouraging confidence.

The stranger shuffled uneasily and pulled at his whiskers, but eying Mandy thoughtfully for the first time, acquiesced, nodding, "Tis so, 'tis so."

"And life is short," she reminded him.

"Wait not for another tick—what ye have to do, do quick." He laughed down at the woman by his side, but not derisively.

"Yas," enthusiastically exclaimed Mandy, emphatically in earnest.

Absently dangling the frayed end of the whip over the horse's back he asked abruptly:

"Ken ye spin?"

"Ken I spin?" Mandy's tone not only discouraged

further cautious investigation but intimidated him into another siege of golden silence.

"What ye mean, spin?" she asked uneasily, after a too prolonged interval.

"Ye didn't reckon I meant spin the plate, did ye?" he laughed with quiet sarcasm.

"Well—a—that's all I ever had to spin," she admitted vengefully.

AFTER leaning far over the dashboard to whisk off a horsefly he turned his whole attention to Mandy.

"So ye never did do any spinnin'!"

"Sa—ay," Mandy flared, "what's all this here spinnin' argyment fer? Hev ye got a idee that any second woman hain't a-gona see to it that the's been enough spinnin' done spun to last 's long as she lives?"

The man blinked rapidly as she indignantly continued:

"Do you ever stop to think that yer second woman hain't a-gona marry ye to do yer spinnin' and yer corn plantin', and feed hogs, and make soap, and all, besides takin' care o' you?"

"Jes' set round and be company?"

"Yas," happily exclaimed Mandy. "'Stid o' bein' a hired man and a dozen hired wimen a-makin' her look like a fun'ral and a-feelin' like she was de-ad, she will be a-restin' most o' the time, so's to look pleasant and be comp'ny—comp'ny fer you," she accented to make her meaning clear, whereupon the man suddenly became interested in Mandy's progressive thought and acknowledged its advantage.

"Well, we shor do need comp'ny," he reflected. "When a feller gets 'long in years, when nothin' strikes him interestin' he had oughter git 'im—" stealing a side glance at Mandy—"a spry young woman to help him live up to the times. Yes, that's jes' it, Mary was too busy to ever think o' lettin' loose o' the hard things. Wisht she'd think of it though 'fore she died; lived longer I reckon. Does the—second woman—does she reckon on enough bein' already cooked to last a lifetime too?" he meekly continued.

"Ye mean kin I cook?"

"Why—I."

"Yas, I know. I had three men and the most I recollect of 'em was a-tryin' to fill up their stomachs!"

Mandy tried to recall her specialties.

"If ye could jus' taste some o' my pumpkin butter—or else my vinegar pie!"

Her friend looked boyishly pleased, as if not doubting the merits of Mandy's pumpkin butter and vinegar pie; but still he hesitated.

"You say ye had—how many children ye say ye got?"

"Only six," assured Mandy with an emphasis that defied any comment; but the man ventured sarcasm.

"Is that all?"

"They'll be a comfort to yer ole age," defended Mandy. "When ye're too old to be young yerself they'll be round to show ye how 'tis did."

"Um—ugh," he skeptically replied, but after all the mother should be wholly responsible for her children, and all he would need to do would be to show them who was the master. (Concluded on page 31)

From Daybreak to Breakfast

By W. Edson Smith

ILLUSTRATED BY HARVEY T. DUNN

AJUNE morning, a very young June morning, for midnight was but two hours gone; a romantic time to loiter among the fragrant, dewy blossoms of some old rose garden; a time for vows and kisses. But in the back room of Simon Spry's place—!

There the ivory ball, which Delano sent spinning viciously along the worn outer rim of the whirling, numbered wheel, emitted its usual raucous monotone; the smoky sodden air was reminiscent of the departed crowd, despite the wide open windows at the rear.

Welsh, who presided over the noisy fortunes of the crap table, was dozing in coatless calm in a shadowy corner, placid and rotund, his chair tipped against the wall. Out in front, Brockett, the night bartender, was heavily clearing away after the last of the celebrating and mourning customers; he had already turned out the lights above and around the flaunting pictures, and the slot machines loomed and leered in the obscurity.

Togo-Ito, who did not claim to be of the Samurai, and who accepted resignedly Go-to-it as a revised version of his name—Togo-Ito had piled chairs and stools on most of the tables after draping their green surfaces in somber gray. The roulette wheel alone, with its fascinating tiers of red and black, its glitter of silver and nickel, had not received his attention.

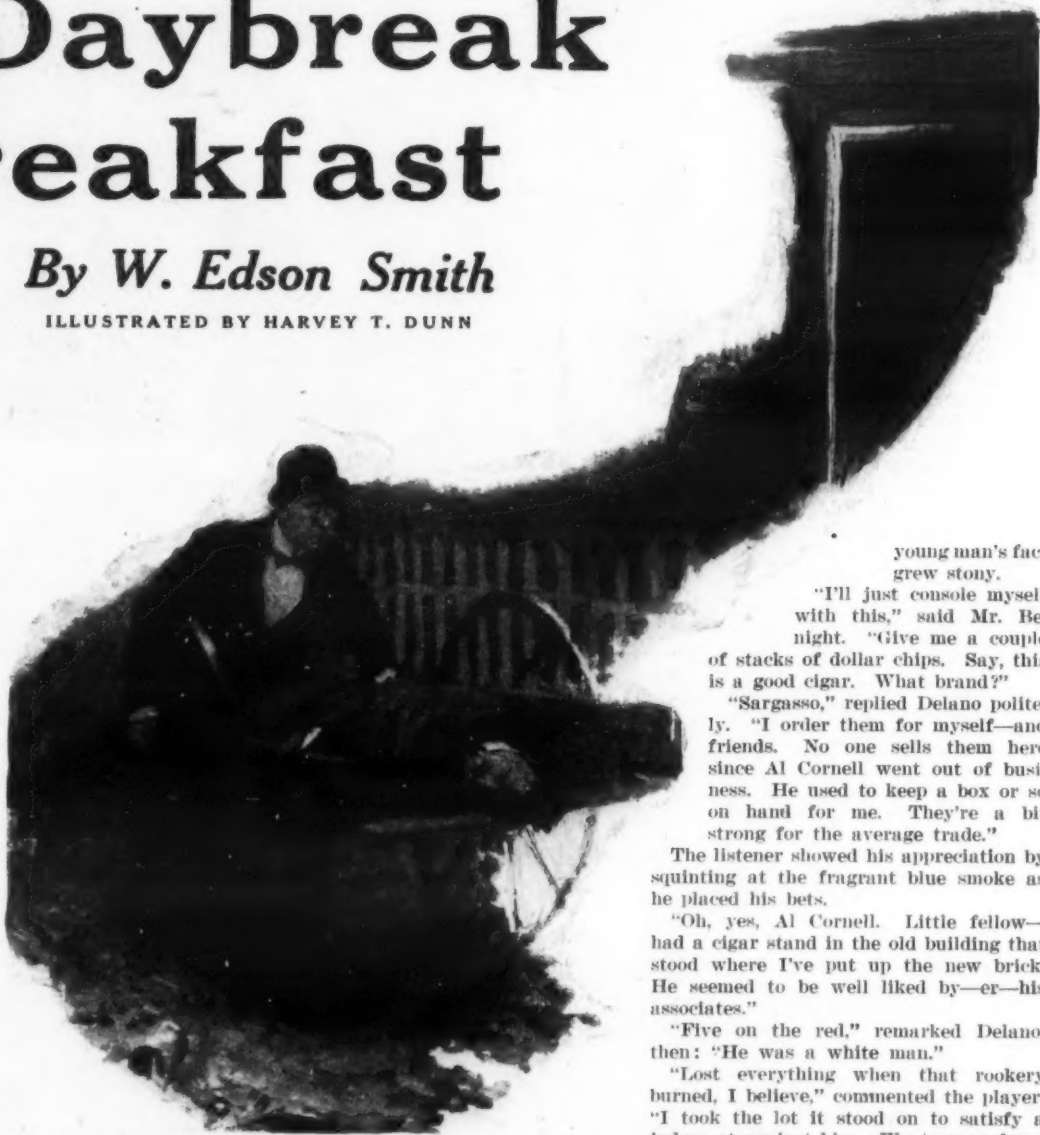
DELANO stood behind the layout, young and charming, cool and immaculate, and a striking contrast to the gentleman seated in state across the table. Doc Benight was a representative citizen, also a private banker, note shaver, real estate dealer; honest occupations all; yet, looking at his weasel face, his furtive eyes, his ingratiating smirk, his nervous, clutching fingers, one would have supposed him outside the law rather than the blue-eyed young man opposite.

Delano disliked the representative citizen and all his works, despised his overbearing, unpleasant condescension, and hated the spirit of cringing, hopeful greed that impelled him—once in a blue moon or so—to seek the game at an hour when he would be unobserved. Usually he insisted on being dealt faro in a private room upstairs. To-night he had slipped in by the rear door and, emboldened by the deserted rooms, had yielded here to the lure of the clattering wheel. Now his face was wrinkling distressedly at continual losses.

"Thirty-four red." The croupier's voice was crisp. He placed two indifferent finger tips in the center of the vacant number, then with both hands gathered chips and currency into a jumbled heap. The ball sped once more on its monotonous course. Delano stacked checks mechanically, staring out the eastward window the while. A splendid star, swinging at its furthest from the sun, had just risen above the edge of the high board fence and looked radiantly in at the open window. The ball dropped noisily into a pocket and his eyes came swiftly back to the lamp-lit table.

"Seventeen black, and nobody there."

"He, he, he!" It was thorny merriment. "I stumbled against a drunk coming in the back gate—must



They were out of the gate by now and the helpless one safely in his cart. "What's that you said?" gurgled Welsh. "You don't mean that I'm to push this cart up the street?"

have tripped my luck. Disgusting the way they let them infest every alley. That fellow was almost directly in the path. I'm going to try two hundred on the twenty-two. You should at least have the porter roll him over to one side—"

"May be R. I. P.," said Delano icily. "I've no doubt he paid good money for Simon's whisky; surely he can choose his own plot in which to slumber. Thirty-six on the high side—oh, so red. You forgot yourself."

Mr. Benight licked his lips in famished fashion as the wheelman swept the board. With a pretense of good fellowship he leaned forward and plucked a cigar from Delano's pocket. That

young man's face grew stony.

"I'll just console myself with this," said Mr. Benight. "Give me a couple of stacks of dollar chips. Say, this is a good cigar. What brand?"

"Sargasso," replied Delano politely. "I order them for myself—and friends. No one sells them here since Al Cornell went out of business. He used to keep a box or so on hand for me. They're a bit strong for the average trade."

The listener showed his appreciation by squinting at the fragrant blue smoke as he placed his bet.

"Oh, yes, Al Cornell. Little fellow—had a cigar stand in the old building that stood where I've put up the new brick. He seemed to be well liked by—er—his associates."

"Five on the red," remarked Delano, then: "He was a white man."

"Lost everything when that rookery burned, I believe," commented the player.

"I took the lot it stood on to satisfy a judgment against him. Went away down and out, didn't he? Too bad he couldn't keep his grip."

"He did keep his grip—on some of us," corrected the wheelman sternly.

MR. BENIGHT regarded him with blank acidity. "I wish I had a tenant like him—as he was then—for the cigar stand in my new building," he said. "A splendid location. I've had a number of applicants who are willing to put up a monthly rental, but I want to lease it for three years cash. Two hundred and fifty dollars a year is moderate for such a place. Don't know of a reputable party, do you?"

"Seven red and empty," interpolated Delano. "Play again, Mister Good Player."

"That's five hundred and fifty I've lost." Mr. Benight's tone was venomous and laden with feverish greed. "I'll get you this time and then some. Two

fifty on the first column and a hundred on the red. I'll get it back. Here's where I even up. I must quit anyway. Very foolish of me to start playing downstairs. Of course it's merely pastime with me—merely pastime."

Delano picked the ivory ball deftly from a pocket and sent it scurrying. The representative citizen's eyes clung to it with tense eagerness.

"Togo-Ito," called the wheelman maliciously to the porter, hovering in the background, "we won't keep you waiting—oh, so much longer, I surmise."

The ball slowed, struck against the inner wheel that was racing in the other direction, leaped out to the rim again, hung for a long instant, then clatteringly dropped into its appointed place. Delano carelessly annexed the stakes.

"Thirty-three, black," he bulletined pleasantly, "clear across the fence from you."

"It's a crooked wheel!" erupted Benight crazily. "I haven't won a bet since I came in. I'll swear it's wired. You're a great bunch to brag of your square games—Simon and you and your whole crowd—"

DELANO methodically flattened the newly won bills in the cash drawer. The level look from under the green shade caught Benight—caught and held him. The man back of the look lifted the center of the roulette wheel from its pivoting support, showing the open space beneath.

"Take a peek," he invited frostily; "you're talking rather foolish about this layout, especially when you're in less than a thousand. Don't observe any network of wires, do you? Come behind if you like. Watch me lift the table from the floor—so. You should realize the fact that we're not intelligent enough—out here in the sand hills—to manipulate an electrical apparatus. We let the Easterners do the high-brow work." The smiling mouth hardened and the tone changed.

"The fact is—" he went on, "you're wearisome. If Simon was present he'd surely get a bung starter from the bar and rap you a couple for luck; I'll merely bid you a kind good evening, Mr. Good-Loser, Esquire. Game closed."

Doc Benight opened and closed his mouth twice before speech came.

"I'm not through playing yet. Don't I get a chance to break even?" he snarled excitedly. "I'm putting a hundred here on—"

"Oh, yes, you are, and oh, no, you're not," mocked Delano, "red lights make thin skins. We pride ourselves too, on belonging to the Band of Mercy—but you're outside the pale. I said: 'Game closed.' Take your money off the table. What—must you go, really? Seeing it's you, I will give you a chance. I'll bet you ten cents that you're nasty tempered enough to kick that poor drunk 'bo as you go out. Two to one."

DELANO stared after the other as he turned and went. When the rear door jarred shut, the young man walked the width of the room and awakened the sleeper by the simple device of tilting his chair forward. Welsh grunted violently.

"Ugh!" he yawned. "You made me bite my tongue—and woke me when I was dreaming that I had my poultry ranch. I've always wanted one!"

"You shall want it no longer. I'll supply you with all the chickens you need on the trifling condition that you let me turn them loose—you to run them down," offered his friend generously.

"Now you don't say!" rejoined the plump one ungratefully—"but you needn't trouble yourself. The fowls you would supply, my master, would undoubtedly shed search warrants instead of feathers."

"Let's get out of here!" Delano's voice was tired and impatient. "We'll walk a ways before we turn in."

"Not far, mind you!" stipulated Welsh. "I remember our last stroll. Miles and miles! Never again. Not having knickerbockers and short socks I can't qualify as a Boy Scout. Only a couple or three blocks—out to the edge of the lone prairie, then back. How much did that old bird leave in your keeping?"

"About nine hundred."

WELSH pursed his lips.

"Phew! Nice bit of overtime. You're certainly a favorite son. No wonder Simon passes over 20 per cent as your private graft. And they all seem afraid to holler in front of you. Now me—if I win a dollar off some guy, he makes me give it

back with a drink to boot, and like as not slaps me. What for are you taking that roll with you? Why don't you leave it in the safe with the rest? Can't you trust Simon any more?"

Delano eyed him. "They don't squeal in front of me, eh?" he fumed. "You could have heard old Benight in the next county. I'm taking this along," he continued, "because I may decide to go up to his elegant bachelor quarters and ram it down his throat. Simon told me



"It's a crooked wheel!" erupted Benight crazily. "I haven't won a bet since I came in. I'll swear it's wired!" Delano methodically flattened the newly won bills in the cash drawer

to do as I liked with a bad actor—either give him back his money or give him what for."

"You give Doc Benight back his money," said Welsh, "and it'll be over my dead body. You'd be flying in the face of Providence. It's a kind Fate that makes him buck the Tiger every so often. Though usually he splits and hedges and whipsaws till he can hardly lose. Let's just look up and say the gods are kind and then proceed to revive those dollars. I bet every one of 'em has been squeezed so that we'll have to rub 'em to start their circulation."

Delano grunted. "But I tell you I'm sore at the old coot because he put me in a bad light with me. He got my fur up and I saved him off—closed the game—with him loser and wanting action. It looked cheap, and it was. I know how I'd feel if somebody did it to me. It was a piker trick and I'll have to square it somehow. Oh, I don't care a tinker's dam about him losing the money, but the finish makes it a sad nine hundred to go to bed with. Anyhow, let's be on our way. Here's your coat and here's your hat, and here's your cigar—now a light. Shall we go the back way? Careful with your feet! Don't stumble! It's mighty dark out here with the moon down. Say, look at that whopping morning star, Welsh. It's pretty near as peaceful as a small moon itself. Don't it make you want something different, old man—far from sand hills and shanties and suckers? Something—"

"Yes, yes," murmured Welsh, slanting his long cigar so that the red glowed on a level with his eye. "Be calm. All of us have had those burning thoughts. Maturer years will instill a liking for common daylight. Of course, I realize what a great big thrilling world it seems to one so young. Now, if you'll kindly open the gate we'll wander where there's more fresh night air and less sour beer. These kegs aren't as empty as they might be."

Delano, going forward to fumble with the gate, stepped back suddenly.

"Jove!" he said. "That gave me a start. It's a bum asleep. Benight said he was lying here, but I forgot for the minute."

"Bye-lo-land, eh?" remarked Welsh. "Step high and wish him clear skies for all such naps."

"Wait," Delano stooped, match in hand. Light flared over the prostrate figure, then died. He lit another, close to a grimed, grizzled face. The flame was stirred by a stertorous breath.

"Good Lord!" The match burned Delano's fingers before he dropped it. "Good Lord, Welsh! It's Al Cornell—good old Al!"

Welsh verified the statement.

"It sure is!" he assented. "What d'ye know about that! Poor, poor devil!"

Delano straightened up. The two were silent in the summer darkness. Welsh's cigar still glowed redly, but Delano's was dull under the ash.

"It's been five years," mused Welsh retrospectively, "five years. Al never was any good after that building burned and his little old cigar stand in the front end went with it. Poor Uncle Al! He sure thought a heap of his small hole in the wall. Owned the building too, you remember. That was what hit him hard. All he had, and his insurance had petered out. A hand-picked stock of cigars went, too. He was a good fellow; a mighty good fellow always—if he didn't lay up a cent."

"Why couldn't he have started up again?" queried Delano, sudden fury in his heart at the grim handiwork huddled there by his feet: "Everybody liked him! Anybody would have staked him!"

"UH-HUH!" rejoined Welsh. "Only they didn't. Cornell was a backward cuss when it come to shoutin' his own troubles, and somehow that sympathy you speak of only resulted in plenty of folks setting up the drinks. Kind of got him going, and he was soon well along. After that there was nothing to it. He wasn't much inclined toward booze naturally, either. He's been gone from town all of four years. Well, he's too far down now. Slip this dollar into his vest, so he can have a drink when he wakes up: that's when the grind comes. Don't reckon he's such an early bird these days. He used to sleep behind the counter of his stand—they snaked him out in a hurry the night of the fire—it had a removable glass front. And, what with that paint store in behind, and a breeze romping along at forty miles an hour, it needed to be removable."

"They used to say Al sold cigars to both the milkmen—he was up that early. Tough world! Here old Benight's just got his new building done, after letting the site stand vacant these years since that same blaze. And he's even got a cigar stand in front—a dead ringer for the old one, only a heap sportier. Wonder who'll have the place?"

"I say," Delano began to laugh softly, merrily in the darkness.

"You're a hard-hearted customer sometimes, my son," commented the other idly.

"I've got an idea, I'm going to try an experiment—" began the wheelman, unheeding.

"Count me out!" interjected Welsh hastily. "I know those experiments. They're too much like work to suit me."

"We have to hustle," Delano had turned business-like. "Get hold of his feet."

"Who—me—?" objected Welsh. "What the—"

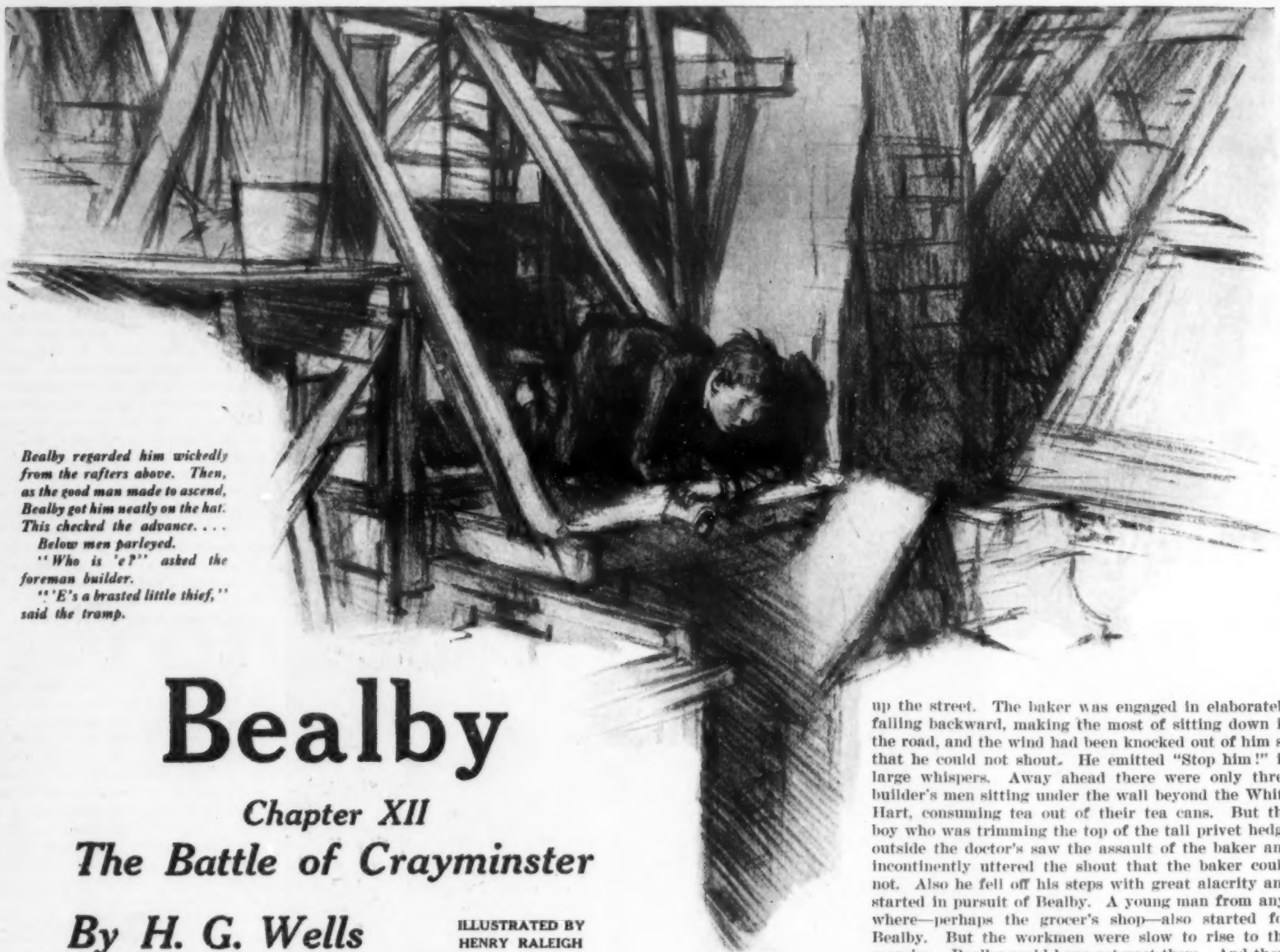
"Yes—you! You slopped over a minute ago. Now grab hold—easy there! I don't want to waken him—not that it seems likely—"

"Togo-Ito," he resumed gravely as, a moment later, they deposited the flabby, unconscious burden close to the wall in the rear room where the Jap was busy; "Togo-Ito, excuse yourself from mop one minute. You know razor where can get? Also you got cot in your bunk room, maybe so?"

THE Jap nodded, eyes twinkling. He liked Delano for many reasons small, and one great.

Chief of the minor reasons was the fact that Delano never garbled names any more than he did facts; if a Japanese porter happened to glory in the name of Togo-Ito, why, that was his name and he got the full benefit of every syllable. And when Delano made fun of quaint English, it was the fun making of friend with friend.

"Do thus and so—and before so, get large hand-cart from across-street grocery, so quick, please—very swiftly. Then get razor—all things as gentleman's servant. Go by Honorable Todd's clothing store—rouse him from sleep. Much drink last evening—much rouse. Room up over. Give this money; inform Honorable Todd (Concluded on page 30)



Bealby regarded him wickedly from the rafters above. Then, as the good man made to ascend, Bealby got him neatly on the hat. This checked the advance. . . . Below men parleyed. "Who is 'e'?" asked the foreman builder. "'E's a brasted little thief," said the tramp.

Bealby

Chapter XII

The Battle of Crayminster

By H. G. Wells

ILLUSTRATED BY
HENRY RALEIGH

BEALBY was beginning to realize that running away from one's situation and setting up for oneself is not so easy and simple a thing as it had appeared during those first days with the caravan. Three things he perceived had arisen to pursue him, two that followed in the daylight, the law and the tramp, and a third that came back at twilight, the terror of the darkness. And within there was a hollow faintness, for the afternoon was far advanced and he was extremely hungry. He had dozed away the early afternoon in the weedy corner of a wood. But for his hunger I think he would have avoided Crayminster.

WITHIN a mile of that place he had come upon the "Missing" notice again stuck to the end of a barn. He had passed it askance, and then with a sudden inspiration returned and torn it down. Somehow with the daylight his idea of turning King's Evidence against the tramp had weakened. He no longer felt sure. Mustn't one wait and be asked first to turn King's Evidence?

Suppose they said he had merely confessed. . . .

The Crayminster Street had a picturesque, nutritious look. Halfway down it was the White Hart with cyclist club signs on its walls and geraniums over a white porch, and beyond a house being built and already at the roofing pitch. To the right was a baker's shop, diffusing a delicious suggestion of buns and cake, and to the left a little comfortable sweet-stuff window and a glimpse of tables and a board: "Teas." Tea! He resolved to break into his ninepence boldly and generously. Very likely they would boil him an egg for a penny or so. Yet, on the other hand, if he just had three or four buns, soft new buns! He hovered toward the baker's shop and stopped short. That bill was in the window!

He wheeled about sharply and went into the sweet-stuff shop and found a table with a white cloth and a motherly little woman in a large cap. Tea? He could have an egg and some thick bread and butter and a cup of tea for fivepence. He sat down respectfully to await her preparations. But he was uneasy.

HE KNEW quite well that she would ask him questions. For that he was prepared. He said he was walking from his home in London to Someport to save the fare. "But you're so dirty!" said the motherly little woman. "I sent my luggage by post, ma'm, and I lost my way and didn't get it. And I don't much mind, ma'm, if you don't. Not washing . . ."

All that he thought he did quite neatly. But he wished there was not that bill in the baker's window opposite and he wished he hadn't quite such a hunted feeling. A faint claustrophobia affected him. He felt the shop might be a trap. He would be glad to get into the open again. Was there a way out behind if, for example, a policeman blocked the door? He hovered to the entrance while his egg was boiling, and then, when he saw a large fat baker surveying the world with an afternoon placidity upon his face, he went back and sat by the table. He wondered if the baker had noted him.

He had finished his egg: he was drinking his tea with appreciative noises, when he discovered that the baker *had* noted him. Bealby's eyes, at first inanely open above the tilting teacup, were suddenly riveted on something that was going on in the baker's window. From where he sat he could see that detestable bill, and then slowly, feeling about for it, he beheld a hand and a floury sleeve. The bill was drawn up and vanished, and then behind a glass shelf of fancy bread and a glass shelf of buns something pink and indistinct began to move jerkily. . . . It was a human face and it was trying to peer into the little refreshment shop that sheltered Bealby. . . .

Bealby's soul went faint.

HE HAD one inadequate idea. "Might I go out," he said, "by your back way?"

"There isn't a back way," said the motherly little woman. "There's a yard . . ."

"If I might," said Bealby, and was out in it.

No way at all! High walls on every side. He was back like a shot in the shop, and now the baker was halfway across the road. "Fivepence," said Bealby and gave the little old woman sixpence. "Here," she cried, "take your penny!"

He did not wait. He darted out of the door.

The baker was all over the way of escape. He extended arms that seemed abnormally long and with a weak cry Bealby found himself trapped. Trapped, but not hopelessly. He knew how to do it. He had done it in milder forms before, but now he did it with all his being. Under the diaphragm of the baker smote Bealby's hard little head, and instantly he was away, running up the quiet, sunny street. Man when he assumed the erect attitude made a hostage of his belly. It is a proverb among the pastoral Berbers of the Atlas Mountains that the man who extends his arms in front of an angry ram is a fool.

It seemed probable to Bealby that he would get away

up the street. The baker was engaged in elaborately falling backward, making the most of sitting down in the road, and the wind had been knocked out of him so that he could not shout. He emitted "Stop him!" in large whispers. Away ahead there were only three bullder's men sitting under the wall beyond the White Hart, consuming tea out of their tea cans. But the boy who was trimming the top of the tall privet hedge outside the doctor's saw the assault of the baker and incontinently uttered the shout that the baker could not. Also he fell off his steps with great alacrity and started in pursuit of Bealby. A young man from anywhere—perhaps the grocer's shop—also started for Bealby. But the workmen were slow to rise to the occasion. Bealby could have got past them. And then, abruptly at the foot of the street ahead, the tramp came into view, a battered, disconcerting figure. His straw-colored hat, which had recently been wetted and dried in the sun, was a swaying mop. The sight of Bealby seemed to rouse him from some disagreeable meditations. He grasped the situation with a terrible quickness. Regardless of the wisdom of the pastoral Berbers, he extended his arms and stood prepared to intercept.

BEALBY thought at the rate of a hundred thoughts to the minute. He darted sideways and was up the ladder and among the beams and rafters of the unfinished roof before the pursuit had more than begun. "Here, come off that," cried the foreman builder, only now joining in the hunt with any sincerity. He came across the road while Bealby regarded him wickedly from the rafters above. Then, as the good man made to ascend, Bealby got him neatly on the hat—it was a bowler hat, with a tile. This checked the advance. There was a disposition to draw a little off and look up at Bealby. One of the younger builders from the opposite sidewalk got him very neatly in the ribs with a stone. But two other shots went wide and Bealby shifted to a more covered position behind the chimney stack.

From here, however, he had a much less effective command of the ladder, and he perceived that his tenure of the new house was not likely to be a long one.

Below men parleyed. "Who is 'e'?" asked the foreman builder. "Where'd 'e come from?" "'E's a brasted little thief," said the tramp. "'E's one of the wust characters on the road." The baker was recovering his voice now. "There's a reward out for 'im," he said, "and 'e butted me in the stummick."

"Ow much reward?" asked the foreman builder.

"Five pound for the man who catches him."

"'Ere!" cried the foreman builder in an arresting voice to the tramp. "Just stand away from that ladder . . ."

WHATEVER else Bealby might or might not be, one thing was very clear about him, and that was that he was a fugitive. And the instinct of humanity is to pursue fugitives. Man is a hunting animal, inquiry into the justice of a case is an altogether later accretion to his complex nature, and that is why, whatever you are or whatever you do, you should never let people get you on the run. There is a joy in the mere fact of hunting, the sight of a scarlet coat and a hound will brighten a whole village, and now Crayminster was rousing itself like a sleeper who wakes to sunshine and gay music. People were looking out of windows and coming out of shops, a policeman appeared and

heard the baker's simple story, a brisk, hatless young man in a white apron and with a pencil behind his ear became prominent. Bealby, peeping over the ridge of the roof, looked a thoroughly dirty and unpleasant little creature to all these people. The only spark of human sympathy for him below was in the heart of the little old woman in the cap who had given him his breakfast. She surveyed the roof of the new house from the door of her shop, she hoped Bealby wouldn't hurt himself up there, and she held his penny change clutched in her hand in her apron pocket with a vague idea that perhaps presently if he ran past she could very quickly give it to him.

CONSIDERABLE delay in delivering the assault on the house was caused by the foreman's insistence that he alone should ascend the ladder to capture Bealby. He was one of those regular-featured men with large heads who seem to have inflexible backbones; he was large and fair and full with a sweetish chest voice, and in all his movement authoritative and deliberate. Whenever he made to ascend he discovered that people were straying into his building, and he had to stop and direct his men how to order them off. Inside his large head he was trying to arrange everybody to cut off Bealby's line of retreat without risking that anybody but himself should capture the fugitive. It was none too easy and it knitted his brows. Meanwhile Bealby was able to reconnoiter the adjacent properties and to conceive plans for a possible line of escape. He also got a few tiles handy against when the rush up the ladder came. At the same time two of the younger workmen were investigating the possibility of getting at him from inside the house. There was still no staircase, but there were ways of clambering. They had heard about the reward and they knew that they must do this before the foreman realized their purpose, and this a little retarded them. In their pockets they had a number of stones, ammunition in reserve, if it came again to throwing.

Bealby was no longer fatigued nor depressed; anxiety for the future was lost in the excitement of the present, and his heart told him that, come what might, getting on to the roof was an extraordinarily good dodge.

And if only he could bring off a certain jump he had in mind, there were other dodges. . . .

IN THE village street an informal assembly of leading citizens, a little recovered now from their first nervousness about flying tiles, discussed the problem of Bealby. There was Mumby, the draper and vegetarian with the bass voice and the big black beard. He advocated the fire engine. He was one of the volunteer fire brigade and never so happy as when he was wearing his helmet. He had come out of his shop at the shouting. Schocks, the butcher, and his boy were also in the street; Schocks's yard, with its heap of manure and fodder, bounded the new house on the left. Rymell, the vet, emerged from the billiard room of the White Hart, and with his head a little on one side was watching Bealby and replying attentively to the baker, who was asking him a number of questions that struck him as irrelevant. All the White Hart people were in the street.

"I suppose, Mr. Rymell," said the baker, "there's a sort of dangerous things in a man's belly round about 'is stummick'?"

"Tiles," said Mr. Rymell. "Loose bricks. It wouldn't do if he started dropping those."

"I was saying, Mr. Rymell," said the baker after a pause for digestion, "is a man likely to be injured badly by a blow in his stummick?"

Mr. Rymell stared at him for a moment with unresponsive eyes. "More likely to get you in the head," he said, and then: "Here! What's that fool of a carpenter going to do?"

The tramp was hovering on the outskirts of the group of besiegers, vindictive but dispirited. He had been brought to from his fit and given a shilling by the old gentleman, but he was dreadfully wet between his shirt—he wore a shirt, under three waistcoats and a coat—and his skin, because the old gentleman's method of revival had been to syringe him suddenly with cold water. It had made him weep with astonishment and misery. Now he saw no advantage in claiming Bealby publicly. His part, he felt, was rather a waiting one. What he had to say to Bealby could be best said without the assistance of a third person. And he wanted to understand more of this talk about a reward. If there was a reward out for Bealby. . . .

"That's not a bad dodge!" said Rymell, changing his opinion of the foreman suddenly as that individual began his ascent of the ladder with a bricklayer's hod carried shieldwise above his head. He went up with difficulty and slowly because of the extreme care he took to keep his head protected. But no tiles came. Bealby had discovered a more dangerous attack developing inside the house and was already in retreat down the other side of the building.

HE DID a leap that might have hurt him badly, taking off from the corner of the house and jumping a good twelve feet on to a big heap of straw in the butcher's yard. He came down on all fours and felt a little jarred for an instant, and then he was up

again and had scrambled up by a heap of manure to the top of the butcher's wall. He was over that and into Maccullum's yard next door before anyone in the front of the new house had realized that he was in flight. Then one of the two workmen who had been coming up inside the house saw him from the oblong opening that was some day to be the upstairs bedroom window, and gave tongue.

IT WAS thirty seconds later and after Bealby had vanished from the butcher's wall that the foreman, still clinging to his hod, appeared over the ridge of the roof. At the workman's shout the policeman, who with the preventive disposition of his profession, had hitherto been stopping anyone from coming into the unfinished house, turned about and ran out into its brick and plaster and timber-littered backyard, whereupon the crowd in the street, realizing that the quarry had gone away and no longer restrained, came pouring partly through the house and partly round through the butcher's gate into his yard.

Bealby had had a check.

He had relied upon the tarred felt roof of the mushroom shed of Maccullum, the tailor and breeches maker, to get him to the wall that gave upon Mr. Benshaw's strawberry fields and he had not seen from his roof above the ramshackle glazed outhouse which Maccullum called his workroom and in which four industrious tailors were working in an easy dishabille. The roof of the shed was the merest tarred touchwood; it had perished as felt long ago; it collapsed under Bealby; he went down into a confusion of mushrooms and mushroom bed; he blundered out trailing mushrooms and spawn and rich matter; he had a nine-foot wall to negotiate, and only escaped by a hair's-breadth from the clutch of a little red-slipped man who came dashing out from the workroom. But by a happy use of the top of the dustbin he did just get away over the wall in time, and the red-slipped tailor, who was not good at walls, was left struggling to imitate an ascent that had looked easy enough until he came to try it.

FOR a moment the little tailor struggled alone, and then both Maccullum's little domain and the butcher's yard next door and the little patch of space behind the house were violently injected with a crowd of active people, all confusedly on the Bealby trail. Some one, he never knew who, gave the little tailor a leg-up and then his red slippers twinkled over the wall and he was leading the hunt into the market gardens of Mr. Benshaw. A collarless colleague in list slippers and conspicuous braces followed. The policeman, after he had completed the wreck of Mr. Maccullum's mushroom shed, came next, and then Mr. Maccullum, with no sense of times and seasons, anxious to have a discussion at once upon the question of this damage. Mr. Maccullum was out of breath and he never got further with this projected conversation than "Here!" This he repeated several times as opportunity seemed to offer. The remaining tailors got to the top of the wall more sedately with the help of the Maccullum kitchen steps and dropped; Mr. Schocks followed, breathing hard, and then a fresh jet of humanity came squirting into the gardens through a gap in the fence at the back of the building site. This was led by the young workman who had first seen Bealby go away. Hard behind him came Rymell, the vet, the grocer's assistant, the doctor's page boy, and, less briskly, the baker. Then the tramp. Then Mumby and Schocks's boy. Then a number of other people. The seeking of Bealby had assumed the dimensions of a Hue and Cry.

The foreman with the large head and the upright back was still on the new roof; he was greatly distressed at the turn things had taken and shouted his claims to a major share in the capture of Bealby, mixed with his opinions of Bealby and a good deal of mere swearing, to a sunny but unsympathetic sky. . . .

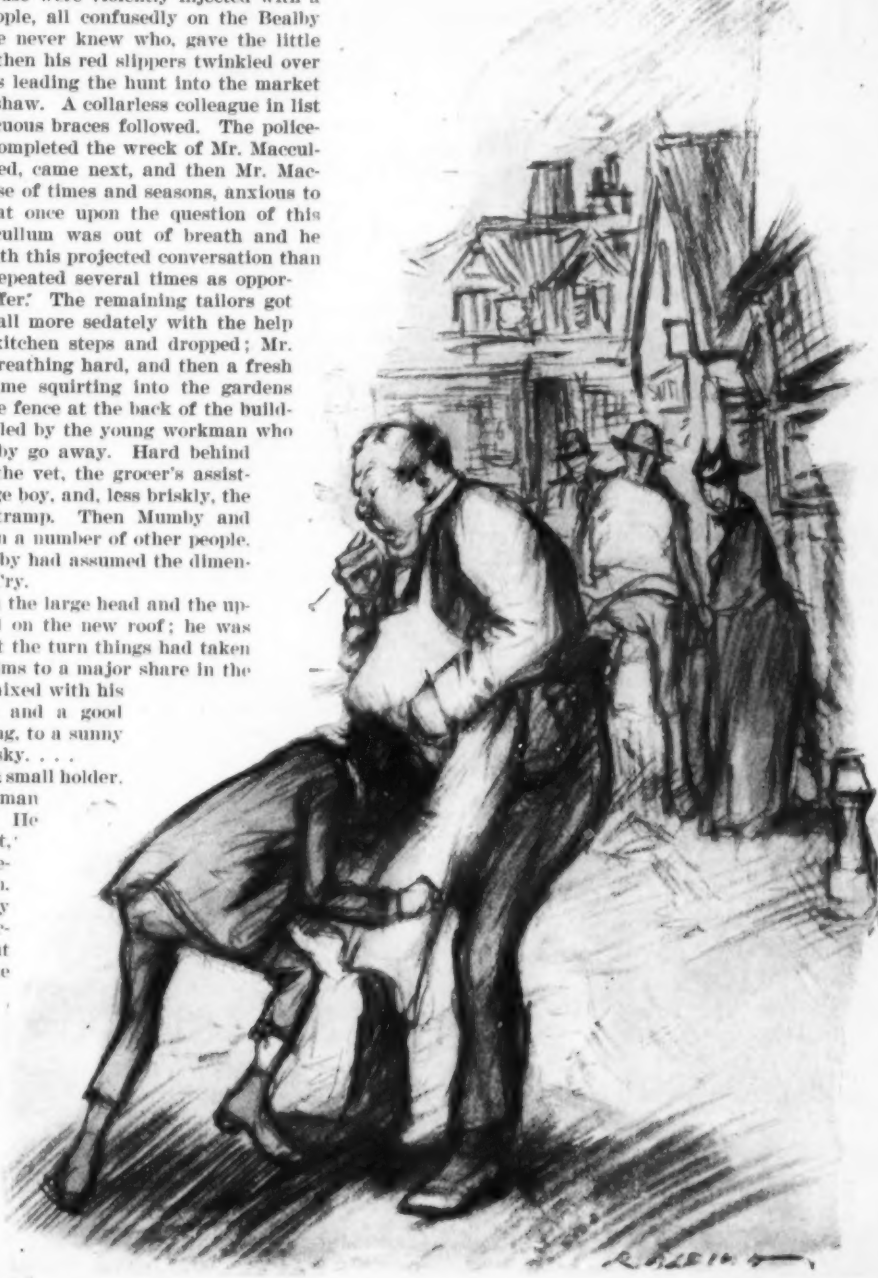
Mr. Benshaw was a small holder, a sturdy English yeoman of the new school. He was an Anti-Socialist, a self-helper, an independent-spirited man. He had a steadily growing banking account and a plain but sterile wife, and he was dark in com-

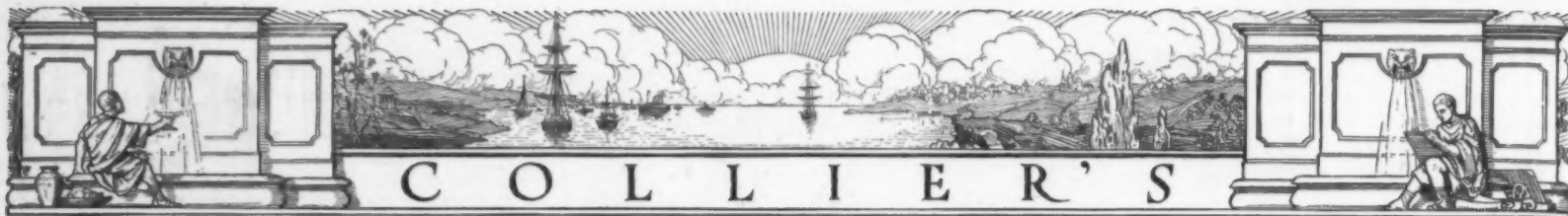
With a weak cry Bealby found himself trapped. Trapped, but not hopelessly. He knew how to do it. He had done it in milder forms before. . . . Under the diaphragm of the baker smote Bealby's hard little head

plexion and so erect in his bearing as to seem a little to lean forward. Usually he wore a sort of gray gamekeeper's suit with brown gaiters (except on Sundays, when the coat was black), he was addicted to bowler hats that accorded ill with his large, grave, gray-colored face, and he was altogether a very sound, strong man. His bowler hats did but accentuate that. He had no time for vanities, even the vanity of dressing consistently. He went into the nearest shop and just bought the cheapest hat he could, and so he got hats designed for the youthful and giddy, hats with flighty crowns and flippant bows and amorous brims that undulated attractively to set off flushed and foolish young faces. It made his unrelenting face look rather like the Puritans under the Stuart monarchy.

HE WAS a horticulturist rather than a farmer. He had begun his career in cheap lodgings with a field of early potatoes and cabbages, supplemented by employment; but with increased prosperity his area of cultivation had extended and his methods intensified. He now grew considerable quantities of strawberries, raspberries, celery, sea kale, asparagus, early peas, late peas, and onions, and consumed more stable manure than any other cultivator within ten miles of Crayminster. He was beginning to send cut flowers to London. He had half an acre of glass and he was rapidly extending it. He had built himself a cottage on lines of austere economy, and a bony-looking dwelling house for some of his men. He also owned a number of useful sheds of which tar and corrugated iron were conspicuous features. His home was furnished with the utmost respectability, and notably joyless even in a countryside where gaiety is regarded as an impossible quality in furniture. He was already in a small local way a mortgagee. Good fortune had not turned the head of Mr. Benshaw nor robbed him of the feeling that he was a particularly deserving person, entitled to a preferential treatment from a country which in his plain, unsparing way he felt that he enriched.

In many ways he thought that the country was careless of his needs. And in none more careless than in the laws relating to trespass (Concluded on page 28)





The Promise of America's Future

IN THE PAST AND THE IMMEDIATE PRESENT, the war, of course, has caused us as a nation some confusion. This is being effectively remedied and will soon be in the past. For the future it is possible to say, in the words of one of the most thoughtful leaders of American finance and industry, that, if we have wise leadership, the permanent result upon American industry and commerce of the present European war will be of a beneficence such as to stagger the imagination.

Guilt Is Personal

WE SHALL OBEY President WILSON's neutrality order faithfully. All the same, we know the man who, stripped of monarchical prerogatives, in any American court, under American law, could be indicted and convicted for incitement to murder.

Do What George Has to Do

THE GOVERNMENT REVENUE is going to be cut down from 10 to 20 per cent by the war. To meet this situation the Democratic party is planning to impose new taxes and raise the revenue to the old figure. A good many private businesses have had their revenues cut more than 10 per cent by the present war. Private business has not the easy recourse of laying more taxes. It has to adjust itself by reducing expenses. Can't the Government do the same? There is plenty of public opinion in the country in favor of economy. The trouble is, it is not organized.

The Only Way

IN ENGLAND the war has brought to poverty a large number of persons who were formerly well to do. Their tragedy is the result of a calamity that no one could foresee. No parent can be certain that his children may not some day come to poverty. There is no guarantee against it. The best insurance is to teach them to work. Probably the best asset any youth can have is the ability to cultivate the soil. That is the most permanent and universal of trades.

The Future in Europe

THE PRESENT WAR is not likely to last long, for the bonfire now raging is bigger than the woodpile. Modern methods of census, of transportation and communication, have made nation and army practically synonymous. When the forces now arrayed are exhausted there will be no great reserves to be brought up. The human powder will have been burned. It is not apt to come to this, for Germany must win at once or face the certainty of slow and complete defeat. Mediation will then be preferable, and seems likely to be inevitable. In the meantime the war will settle the status of international law, whether it is a force binding on all nations or only a pompously worded code of voluntary practices. The future of certain dynasties will also be determined: whether the three Kaisers are to govern in Austria, Germany, and Russia, or whether public opinion is to be organized for effective control of public policy, as in our own country. It is absolutely certain that the future must see constructive action taken to secure lasting peace in Europe. This will not be done by discriminating against races; no one expects to see Slav farm laborers barred out from Germany or German bank directors outlawed in London; but it must be arranged so that no set of power-crazed men can use the strength of a great people for international piracy. This may mean dividing Germany and Austria into a number of smaller countries, about equal to Holland or Switzerland. Perhaps Europe may rise above this, banish all these dynasties and coteries of autocracy, and organize some larger political integration, some great federated government which shall reflect and conserve the essential unity of European civilization. Time will show. Meanwhile, for millions of people, this war means laying aside for an indefinite time the policies that look to the future, and devoting all the power that years of toil have slowly created to achieving poverty, suffering, and death.

A Poor Halfway Measure

THERE HAS NOW BEEN TIME for the thoughtful to look into the long-expected freight-rate decision by the Interstate Commerce Commission. It proves to be a half-baked, shuffling piece of business which settles nothing very much and distinctly unsettles confidence in the commission. The decision is based upon what we

believe to be an unsound conception of the commission's powers and of the nature of the railroad business. A regulative body of this sort is useful in proportion as it keeps in touch with facts and acts with quick decision on matters brought before it. (The recent decision was six months overdue.) Regulative bodies are obstructive and inefficient in proportion as they assume to themselves the tardy dignity and stuffy bureaucratic fussiness of the wrong sort of courts. When, in addition, they wait on events and balance up what they want the railroads to do against what they are willing to concede to the railroads, the whole thing tends to become a messy sort of farce. The railroads of this country constitute a great national service and must be treated as such. Rates must be based on what is best for the country's development, not on arbitrary and meaningless apportionments of expenses between freight and passenger traffic. Service is the goal of regulation; cost is a delusion. The Interstate Commerce Commission, in this decision, has shown itself to be, as compared with the Supreme Court, very distinctly on the wrong track and very distinctly employing the wrong methods. The final misfortune would be to have this sort of bureaucracy in full charge of our railroad operations as it would be under Government ownership. We want more and better regulation of the railroad problem.

The Man Who Made Money Out of It

FROM the confession of a man who committed a hideous murder: I am twenty-seven years old and live with my mother at 2025 Walnut Street. I'm a salesman, selling pickles. I returned home from work in the afternoon on July 7 and then went out and visited saloons and had a lot to drink. Later in the day I met my father, who lives at 1808 Fulton Street, and we went to more saloons and I had more drinks. I took a walk over on Madison Street in the evening and about eight o'clock at night I saw the little girl in the passageway between two houses.

We know nothing in our civilization worse than the fact that men who stimulate other men to drink whisky are permitted to enjoy all the prerogatives of civilization in Baltimore, Louisville, Peoria, and other cities where the distiller is the prince of business.

The Heart of It

THE HEART OF THE LIQUOR PROBLEM is to be found in this passage which we find in a Chicago paper described as a quotation of a notice on the price list of the Richelieu Wine Company, 9 West Randolph Street:

HINTS ABOUT SERVING

A diner should always have easy access to the wine list and after ordering should be promptly served. This course often results in a second bottle being used.

The occasional drinker is often tempted to order wine when he sees the list lying before him; if it is not in sight, the chances are he will not feel any particular desire to drink wine with his meal.

If wine is ordered do not place ice water on the table.

Keep in mind these suggestions.

There is the great point: If a man is engaged in the selling of booze he is also engaged in stimulating its consumption, in persuading and overpersuading people to drink it. We can't think of any way of making money quite so odious as this.

Good Reading

A FRIEND OF COLLIER'S who lives in western Canada sends us this:

EDITOR COLLIER'S:

EDMONTON, ALBERTA.

You have my hearty congratulations on the series of "SAM ARNOLD" stories by GEORGE RANDOLPH CHESTER, now running in COLLIER'S. I may have a wrong point of view, but it seems to me that SAM ARNOLD is the best sort of modern minister. To be sure, he is no expert in Hebrew and would turn up his freckled nose at Greek, but he is a minister of righteousness just the same. Raising a dead town and preaching salvation by progress may not be taught in the average theological seminary, but to my mind they are articles of the modern Christian's creed fully as important as the raising of LAZARUS and the preaching of salvation by grace. COLLIER'S does not pose as a religious weekly, but I get more inspiration out of it than from several publications professedly pious.

Yours sincerely,

CHARLES F. POTTER, Pastor First Unitarian Church.

It will be a refreshing novelty to Mr. CHESTER to receive praise from the pulpit, for his inimitable WALLINGFORD suffered a good deal of disapproval from earnest persons who thought it was not a good thing for growing boys to read. They felt that WALLINGFORD's joyous path through a world of victims of his smartness had a tendency to set up false ethical standards. It put a premium on short cuts and led unthinking youths into the delusion that there might be permanent satisfaction in getting rich quick through devious ways. It is probably a valid objection to WALLINGFORD. For our mature selves we distinguish



between the characters in fiction that we like and those whose conduct we approve. We, too, like Mr. CHESTER'S SAM with the ginger-colored hair, but we confess to an unregenerate preference for WALLINGFORD.

Incidentally—

IT HAS BEEN A LONG TIME since we read a good new story of the love of a young man for a girl. Isn't this sort of story written any more? We should like to get hold of some.

The \$25,000 Hen—When?

AND RESUMING THE SUBJECT of May Rilma, the \$25,000 cow, let us who think of a setting hen's time as the synonym of negligibility contemplate for a moment the possibility of a \$25,000 hen. The average hen puts in so much of her time clucking, setting, molting, and otherwise restricting output that she does pretty well if she lays us her ten dozen eggs a year. But turn now to the prize hen of the Oregon Agricultural Experiment Station, which has established a record of 303 a year. What shall we say of her worth? To the uninitiated it might seem obvious that she is worth the difference between 120 eggs a year and 303 eggs a year, or, say, \$3.75 per annum for, say, three years—for a hen does not live away—or, not to put too fine a point upon it, \$10 or \$11 more than the less efficient biddy. But this would be an abysmal error—for out of their total production the keep of hens must be paid—and all this surplus is profit. And is this all? Nay, nay! DR. RAYMOND PEARL of the Maine Experiment Station has proved that, while the ability and disposition to lay a common union-scale output of eggs goes with every hen, supreme talent along this line is inherited in a peculiar sex-linked manner. The Oregon hen's 300-egg capacity would not descend to her daughters, but to her granddaughters through her sons. It is obvious that if one could place one of these sons at the head of a flock of consorts able to keep house and lay eggs as his mother used to do, the chicks would inherit egg genius instead of egg talent from both sides of the house, and, after the heredity had been steadied by line breeding for a few generations, we should have a breed of 300-egg hens. Now the State of Iowa alone has more than 20,000,000 hens. An increase in the profits per hen of \$3 a year would mean \$60,000,000 more egg money to Iowa than she now receives, and she leads all the States in that respect, we believe, already. And the Oregon hen, if she could be used to establish the 300-egg breed, would do her half at least of the job of giving one State in the Union an increase in annual income of \$60,000,000, and all other States and foreign nations in proportion. Wouldn't she be worth \$25,000? We pause for a reply, and for our readers to rally—merely observing in conclusion that the real men of the day seem to be these agricultural experts.

Keep Our Money at Home

THE REFUSAL TO APPROVE a loan from American bankers to one of the belligerents was indifferent law but sound common sense. It is characteristic of BRYAN'S homely mind to have arrived at the right result by the wrong method of thinking. He put the disapproval on the ground that it would have violated neutrality. That is nonsense. It is no more wrong to sell credit to a belligerent than to sell wheat. But we ought to keep our money at home. A dollar can't be in two places at the same time. It can't be in Europe paying a soldier to kill and in America paying a laborer to lay ties on a new railroad. The latter is the best place for all the dollars we have.

The New Justice

NEXT TO BEING PRESIDENT, the greatest achievable dignity in the United States is to be a Justice of the Supreme Court. That office is dignified largely because a long line of high-minded men have held it in honor and filled it worthily. Probably the first thought which comes to a newly appointed justice, if he has imagination, is the burden put upon his conscience, not to let his conduct take anything from the accumulated traditions and dignity of the seat in which he is to spend a few brief years before he passes on. Mr. McREYNOLDS has a conscience equal to much more strain than is likely ever to be put upon it. The qualities that have been most apparent in his public career are conscientiousness, devotion to principle, a disposition to stand all the more ruggedly by his convictions in proportion as that stand is likely to cost him discomfort. He comes to his office at a time when just that quality, the willingness to endure unpopularity, may be extremely valuable to the nation. His appointment is a credit to President WILSON.

The Late Pope

A GENTLE AND LOVELY old man whose soul had been washed wholly pure by long years of abstinence, self-restraint, high thinking, and a sort of right living which was not merely a serene freedom from worldliness, but was a determined contest to be more perfect each day than the last. A life that makes the most blameless of worldly careers seem ignoble. Its rewards were what he would most have wished, and were adequate. Many millions of people, of many tongues and many colors, thought of him whenever they reflected upon

the better part of themselves, and associated him with all their hopes of a happy and sinless future.

Abolishing the Small Towns

THE ATCHISON (KAS.) "GLOBE" has evolved this principle of classification:

A small town is one in which a silk hat attracts as much attention as the fire department.

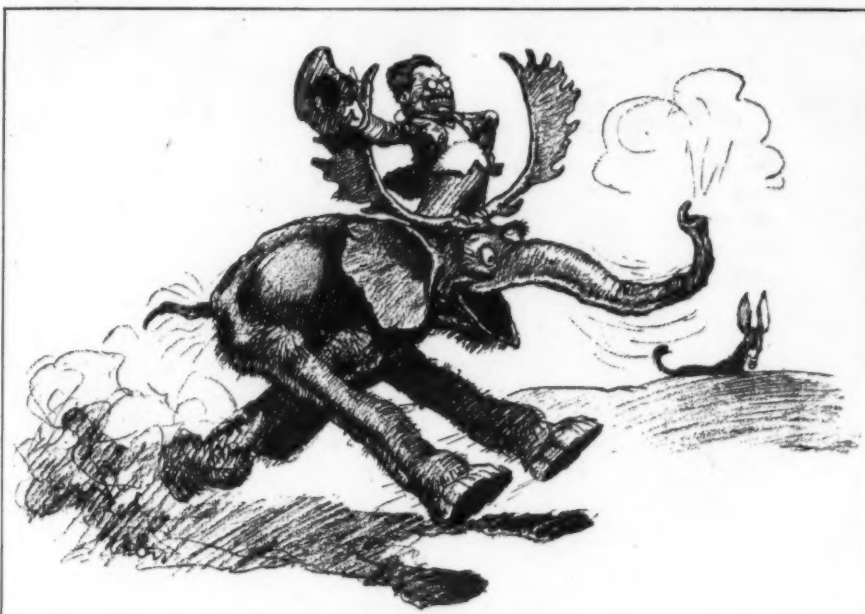
It is just as we thought—there are no small towns in this country. The United States has nothing but cities. Kansas proves it.

Belief

SOME SCHOOL CHILDREN in New York object to singing certain songs because they imply a religious belief. Says a newspaper:

Half of the older ones insisted that they didn't believe in any religion. "I don't believe in no religion," said one boy. "And if you go down the street you will find lots more who don't either." "That's it," put in a girl. "We don't go in for any religion, for we don't know where we go when we die."

This pathetic childish materialism may perhaps be blamed on New York's cosmopolitanism and the consequent high death rate among traditions. Yet many older persons no doubt use the same logic and explain that they don't believe "because they don't know where they go when they die." In the meantime, however, we are all living. Too much emphasis used to be placed on the part of death in religion: religion as a living faith is what sane men focus on to-day. Call your religion what you like—but believe—and then prove it somehow. Faith in man is good; faith in both man and the Son of Man, better. A life bounded by self is a tragedy for the individual and a curse for the mass. It is bad policy and worse science. Civilization without belief is no more thinkable than lighthouse building without stone or sky-scraper construction without steel. The man who does not believe is out of tune internally and externally—in town and country—on the street and in the forest. Happily, the school children who do not believe have plenty of time left. Experience is a good teacher.



More Nature Faking?

Cartoon by F. G. Cooper

As England Goes to War

By Henry Beach Needham

THE "one bright spot" Sir Edward Grey declared to be Ireland. Therefore a Hibernian paradox is apt. The calmest spot is near the center of the explosion! As I recall the state of things and of minds in New York at the outbreak of the Spanish-American War, there was an excitement unending greater than on election night, and a tension more gripping than in the panic of '93. Comparatively, that war was a skirmish. This! No man can foretell.

And yet there is a quiet, dogged calmness unbelievable. But let no one think that the people fail to comprehend what they are up against. For a week before the declaration of war the English papers set forth every possible angle of the impending conflict. It was not yellow journalism—it was unemotionally tragic. "The blackest day the city [the financial district] has known for more than twenty years," wrote a member of Lloyd's on July 30. Failures were numerous. Then, for the first time in its history, came the closing of the London Stock Exchange. Next the bank rate went higher than ever before in the memory of the oldest financiers. The banks closed Saturday noon, intending to open Tuesday after the August bank holiday, but, as it turned out, to remain closed for almost a week. Then—that same day—gold and silver took wings, seemingly. A five-pound Bank of England note, legal tender, was less useful than one's personal check. Up to the hour of the declaration of war against Germany the attitude of the English irritated me. They gave no signs of a proper realization of what was threatening. Their attitude became so exasperating on the morning of the bank holiday that I began to talk. I was vividly reminded of the play, written by an English army officer, and produced not only in London but in the United States, entitled, "An Englishman's Home." It was a call to arms—to make ready; it was a tragic commentary on unpreparedness. And I believe that I saw around me this play—in the life. (As a matter of fact, the English are most excellently prepared.)

The first scene, if you remember, emphasized the Englishman's participation and absorbing interest in sports and games. There was the first-born, a young man in his twenties, talking football, nothing else, and poking fun at his future brother-in-law, who had foolishly joined the Yeomanry. At the close of the scene the John-Bullish father grabs the sticks from his youngest and shows him how to play that silly pool game—Diabolo! Then appear the German soldiers. At the end the Englishman, his family killed or in flight, finally roused to fighting mettle, seizes a gun in defense of his home—and is shot down.

The Steady-Going Englishman

INTIMATED that I could not help recalling this play. The Englishman and his wife and his cool-headed son took my talk calmly. It didn't annoy them—it didn't influence them in the slightest. They went to the Goodwood races just the same. They played their games. They did as they were accustomed to do, which meant that they exercised as much as they could in the open air. They were fit, and they kept themselves fit. And they didn't worry.

With the newspaper headlines like, "On the Brink," "War in the Balance," and "Greatest Conflict in History Threatened," staring them in the face, the English remained unexcited. They kept their heads. They didn't run round in circles. They waited until by the King's proclamation they were called out, then they headed for their "depots" soberly but coolly. It was the best lesson in reserve I ever hope to have.

If, ignorant of a state of war, you dropped into London to-day, you would find it practically no different from what it was on your last visit. Around Buckingham Palace and in front of the War Office there are crowds, and cheers are occasionally heard, but otherwise London moves majestically along as usual. Perhaps you would see more soldier men than normally on the sidewalks—stared at with a greater interest; but in other respects it's the same substantial London.

In the vicinity of the big hotels they were repaving one side of the Strand. It was the day after the declaration of war. The smell of the cedar blocks took me back to the first paving of Cottage Grove Avenue, Chicago, when I was a boy. I had watched

that great public work with curiosity, and lo! fringing the walk were Londoners supervising this bit of repaving! Somehow the homely incident typified the universal calm.

France, Germany, Austria, and Russia are under military rule. But democratic England, at this writing, continues under civil authority. The Government, we read in the press, has taken over the railroads. But



"Nothing hysterical, and no grumbling," says Mr. Needham. "The men went willingly, uncomplainingly . . . to perform a service rightly expected of them"

trains run on schedule with surprisingly little delay considering the added burden of military transport. In beautiful Surrey, forty miles from London, in the never-bustling town of Haslemere, the realization of war did not come until the King's proclamation. Before, residents went to the railroad station for the latest news in the afternoon papers, and the intelligence thus gained, after unwonted crowding at the news stand, was discussed among them without temper as they returned to their shops or their homes. But the new interest in public affairs didn't at all ruffle the tranquillity of life in "Peaceful Valley," as Haslemere, nestling among the hills high above sea level, might be called.

But on August 4—the day "our" war began—there was posted on the town hall the King's proclamation. This royal command called out the reservists, also the Territorials—volunteers or militia. It was about six o'clock in the evening when the important notice went up. Everybody in town read it. The proprietress of the White Horse Hotel, where I was domiciled, sent her son Billie, aged nine, to "read every word of it." Because, she told him, "some day you will want to remember you read the King's proclamation."

At the edge of the cluster of Britons who were suddenly called to arms I studied the faces and listened to the talk. From the look of them they might have been reading a notice relating to the payment of the dog tax. And their comment was disappointingly commonplace; nothing the least heroic about it—no "For God, King, and Country."

"That's you, John," or "We'll start for the depot to-night," were average remarks. Nothing hysterical, and no grumbling. The men went willingly, uncomplainingly—more than that—to perform a service rightly expected of them. I wonder if the same spirit generally moves conscripts?

He Sticks to Type, this Britisher

ABOUT nine o'clock a number of Territorials gathered in the "King's Arms," and singing began. What was that familiar air, those stirring American words? "Three cheers for the red, white, and blue!" No wonder I was thrilled.

That swinging air will be the popular battle hymn with the volunteers in this great struggle. Over here it is called "The Red, White, and Blue"—not "Columbia"; but the

air is the same and the chorus much the same. And the English-speaking people of America, unless their sentiments are swayed by a contrary allegiance, will no doubt be singing the chorus, "Three cheers for the red, white, and blue," to hearten the forces of civilization!

The calm of the Briton is first of all racial. Who are the English? Unrelenting Saxons, who, though conquered in turn by Angles, Danes, and Normans, finally swallowed up all three, and imposed their language, their customs, and their institutions upon the quondam invaders. Or, as Price Collier so admirably answered the question, Who are the English, what are the English? "They are Saxons, who love the land, who love their liberty, and whose sole claim to genius is their common sense."

To this might be added in our vernacular: You can defeat 'em, but you can't lick 'em.

As they fought for their liberty, so they fought in the world for their own brand of civilization, and with one notable exception, which modesty prevents us mentioning, they fought successfully in the long run. They haven't forgotten their victories. Not that they boast of them, for they don't, but they expect you to remember how and when they conquered. This record in battle, if not brilliant altogether, is surely overwhelmingly persistent. Which necessarily imparts calm.

Then the life they lead, and have always led—so much of it in the open air, and with such a consistent measure of hardening exercise, naturally gives them confidence. They have health, they have rare staying qualities, and the possession of this breeds courage and coolness. And in this crisis they are calm, for another and greater reason still, because they have decided issues for themselves. No autocracy has hurled the English into international strife. Their truly representative and quickly responsive Government—of which the world presents no fair equal—has gone to war when every chance for peace failed. There was no "speech from the throne" insisting upon warlike measures and hinting vaguely at obligations which were pressing but which could not be disclosed. There was no "executive session" to consider business of state in secret.

Every step of the way there was indeed "pitiless publicity." Everything was open and aboveboard and wonderfully impressive.

The clear and convincing speech of Sir Edward Grey was instantly received with general approval. There was ungrudging acclaim from all parties for the statesmanly utterance of the Prime Minister—a speech bound to live in history; for Mr. Asquith made it certain to Englishmen and to the enthusiastic colonists everywhere that the sword has been drawn "in defense of principles which are vital to our civilization."

The Spartans of 1914

THEY are answering, the unmarried young Englishmen between eighteen and thirty, enlisting quietly and calmly, without a particle of heroics. If you look for heartbreaking human-interest stories over here, you don't find them. What I am going to tell is—well, it's English.

There is a young man in town, a clerk in a bank, who is in his early twenties. He is an only son, and his mother is a widow. Yesterday she left her home and visited the town, and she and her son had afternoon tea together. In the parlor of the inn, when the "rite" was over, I learned that the lad was trying to get in the cycle corps—at any event was sure to enlist.

"How you must hate to have him go," said Mrs. Reade, the proprietress, to the old lady.

"That's why I came down here to-day—to make sure that he was going," replied the old lady firmly. "He would be no son of mine if he didn't go!" And she added:

"Mrs. Reade, if this hotel is commandeered for a hospital, I want you to send for me at once. I'll come instantly and nurse."

Not Spartan—Saxon! Unrelenting, persistent, consistent purpose; quiet, dogged calmness—that's all.

The Business Man's Opportunity

By A. W. Shaw

Editor of "System"

IN ESTIMATING the effect of the European war I can speak only in terms of true business activity. I do not know how speculative enterprise will be affected. I speak from the standpoint of the man who buys and sells goods—the man who makes commodities and puts them on the market.

From this point of view the United States is in the position of one of four great competing concerns when the other three have shut down. England, Germany, France, and the United States are the four great competitors for the world's business. They are the four mammoth industrial and commercial units of the world, and three of them have shut down.

The result must be a transference to the fourth unit of most of the demand for goods formerly supplied by the other three, and, in addition, the demand for goods needed by the other three themselves, since they have now become nonproducing consumers.

This is exactly what will happen in this country if the war is prolonged. In spite of all apparent hindrances and difficulties like the interruption of shipping and complexities of finance and trade relations, we can make the safe fundamental generalization that the nations must turn to us to supply their wants.

No country was ever in better shape to meet extraordinary demands. We have bumper crops, insuring an abundant food supply that will command good prices, and this in turn goes far to insure stability for the effective purchasing power of the American people. Another factor insuring our purchasing power is that the demand finds us in a period of contraction. Merchandising and production have been on a hand-to-mouth basis with us lately. There are no large stocks or oversupplies. This guarantees that the wheels will have to keep moving right along: it guarantees steady domestic buying, which in turn guarantees an important basic demand as a foundation for the new demands from abroad.

Getting Along Without Our Imports

NOW to take advantage of this situation the business man, it seems to me, must first analyze the normal American demand for American-made goods, and over against this he must set off for special consideration the American demand for goods that are, in whole or part, foreign made. He must canvass our imports, and then bend all his energy to seeing how much of this latter demand can be diverted (1) to American supply of similar goods and (2) to American supply of substitute goods. Here in a nutshell is the business man's opportunity. Let us see what it means. For instance, in 1913 we imported \$5,000,000 worth of macaroni. We make a first-rate line of macaroni here, and by proper effort we can divert that \$5,000,000 item to the American supply. We imported a million-dollar item in mineral water which can be easily diverted. We imported nearly \$5,000,000 worth of champagne and \$6,000,000 of still wines, and there is scarcely an acre in the United States that will not grow grapes. I put down here a very short list of the value in round numbers of our 1913 imports in goods that can be supplied identically by home industry:

Linen	\$22,000,000
Laces, lace goods, etc.	31,000,000
Cotton wear	13,000,000
Handkerchiefs	2,000,000
Pig iron	6,000,000
Wire	6,000,000
Cheese	9,000,000
Olive oil	6,000,000
Beet sugar	4,000,000
Rice meal	2,000,000
Buttons	2,000,000
Clocks and watches	3,000,000
Copper	8,000,000
Cotton thread	4,000,000

These are a very few of the immense number of items that can be diverted to the American supply. We even imported half a million dollars' worth of lead pencils in 1913. Every one of these items represents a golden harvest for American business. Within a week of the outbreak of the war John Wanamaker had an advertisement in the New York papers, stating that he was already arranging with American manufacturers to supply him with the goods cut off from importation.

There is another immense number of items which can be diverted by substitution. The discovery and promotion of effective substitutes offers a limitless

field for the ingenuity of American business. For instance, our finer book paper is made with German sulphite and English clay. It is perfectly possible to find an acceptable substitute. Mr. Edison said yesterday that if the war keeps on, all the moving-picture shows will stop, but they won't. The supply of horsehide

able for them to be busy on this line. It was too cheap and easy to get dyes from abroad. But now our chemists are going to throw real Yankee emergency energy into this and a hundred similar problems, and I, for one, don't worry about the outcome.

To say that we have never done a thing is not the same by any means as saying we cannot do it. This is a very important thing to be borne in mind when we are tempted to be discouraged by reports of trade conditions. In 1913 we imported nearly \$13,000,000 worth of coal and tar preparations. It is said that we can't supply this demand. Now, does anybody really believe that American business men are going to fold their hands and watch \$13,000,000 worth of any kind of demand go begging? Hardly. Well, then, if we don't believe it, what is the use of talking as though we did?

The Yankee Mind

THERE will be a good many readjustments, but every one of them will react to the permanent advantage of American business. There is nothing about them to cause despondency. Take the trade in novelties, for instance. I read the other day a long piece about the hard luck of the importer and how he will inevitably have to go out of business. Not if he is a real live Yankee. Look at it: We imported \$7,000,000 worth of toys in 1913—just the one item of toys. What that importer will do is to get some designs of his own, hustle around and find somebody to make them up for him, and then go out after his slice of that \$7,000,000 worth of business. People who see calamity ahead seem to think American business men have no adaptive power and no initiative, whereas we are particularly strong in both. The whole history of American business proves that we are the people who are really trained in emergencies and therefore best qualified to meet the very condition that confronts us now.

We are in the position among the nations now that New England was in among the warring States fifty years ago. The labor market was close; the demand for commodities was heavy. There was an immense stimulation put on ingenuity and inventive genius, largely in the direction of automatic or semiautomatic labor-saving machinery to take the place of the workers who had gone to war. In consequence there were more patents issued at Washington during the Civil War than in all the preceding years of our history.

During the fifteen years of the Napoleonic Wars our foreign trade increased over 450 per cent, forging ahead at the rate of \$7,000,000 gain a year. It must be remembered, too, that this business was largely in the mere carrying trade. We exported little foodstuffs and manufactures because we were not equipped for it; whereas our equipment as carriers was exceptional. Now it is the other way round. We have an adequate agricultural and industrial development and very little equipment as export carriers.

Our Lack of a Merchant Marine

SOME people see in this latter fact an inhibition on prosperity which is not evident to me. How are we going to reap European war prices for our foodstuffs, they ask, if we cannot ship the crops for lack of American carriers?

In my judgment it is even a little better for us if we cannot unload our crops over there too fast. If we do, no doubt we will get fancy prices. But if we cannot ship them and have to keep them here, they will sell at normal prices and keep the cost of our own living well in hand. It is the old story of the two farmers: one sold his corn crop outright, while the other fed his corn to the pigs and then sold the pigs. It is more advantageous, in other words, to dispose of our food products at a cheap rate to feed men who are busy making goods and then sell the goods. Cheap food, plus a tight labor market caused by a big demand, comes pretty near being an economic ideal. So I believe the temporary inhibition on large food-supply shipments will work far more to our advantage than our disadvantage.

Predictions of trouble for certain industries also seem to make the mistake of regarding those industries as set off entirely by themselves and not as affected by a strong derived demand from other industries. An emergency demand for textiles, for instance, of the magnitude that is bound to come from the warring nations' necessities. (Continued on page 27)



The Opportunist

"I'm very sorry, madam. Here is my card; perhaps I can be of service to you"

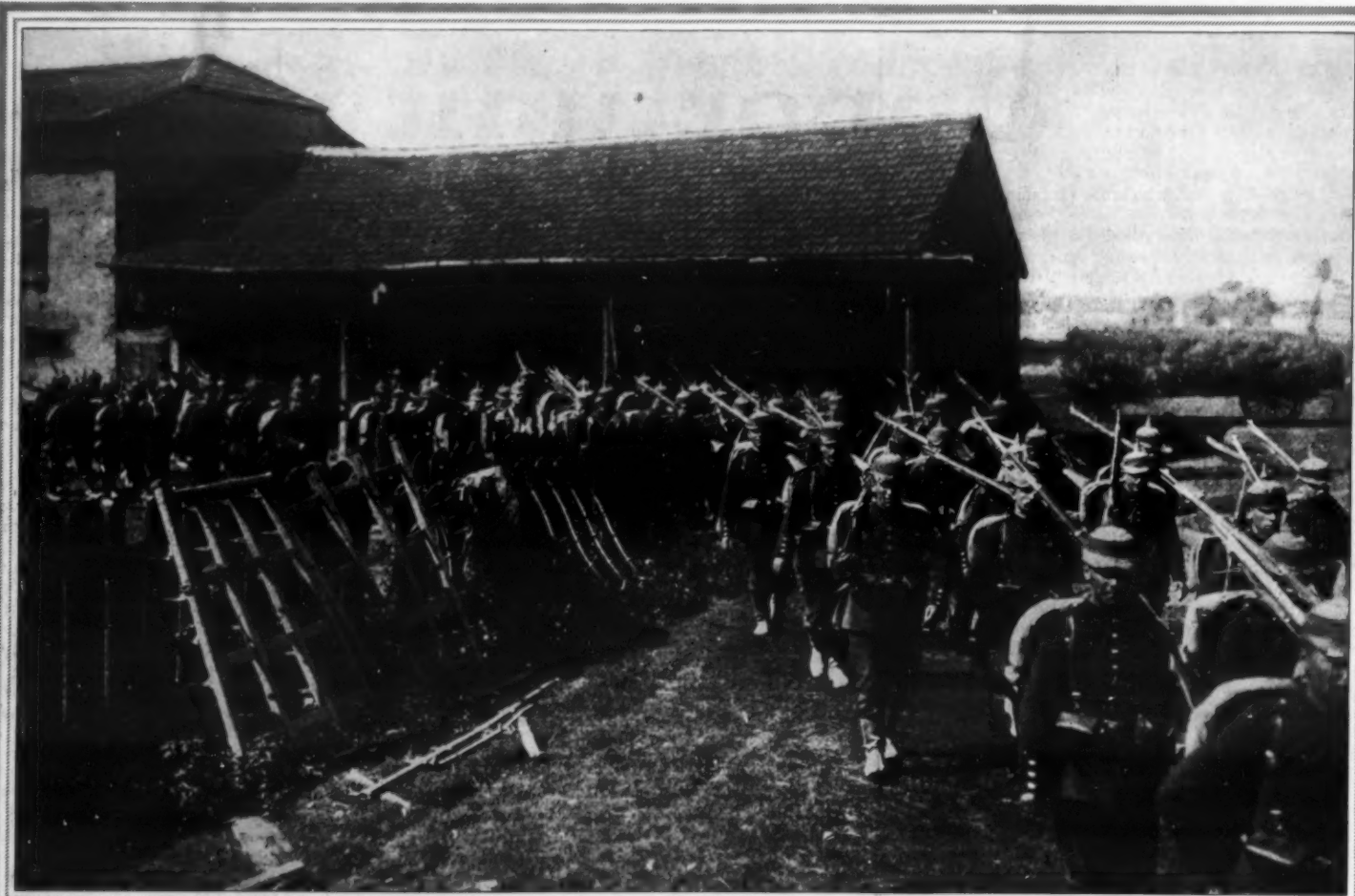
Cartoon by F. G. Cooper

covers for baseballs is showing signs of running short, but we will not stop playing baseball. American resourcefulness will rise to every occasion, and in many cases the substitute will be so effective that when imports are resumed it will have the market.

It must be remembered that outside the bare necessities of life every commodity is in competition not only with other commodities of the same order, but with all gratifications that may be had at about the same price. Thus a bottle of imported champagne, for instance, is in competition with opera tickets and silk stockings. It may be, therefore, that the word "imported" may lose some of its glamour after this war is over and cease to be as great a factor in gratification. The American consumer may decide that he would rather have his homemade substitute plus an extension of his purchasing power. He would rather have a bottle of American champagne plus an opera ticket than foreign champagne plus the satisfaction of looking at the label.

Home-Grown Talent

MANY of the predictions of disaster seem to me to be made without realization that there has never been a pressing demand on American genius and ingenuity in these directions. For instance, a man in the woolen-cloth trade told me last week that there was no chance for his industry because it was impossible to get dyes. We imported in 1913 alizarin dyes to the value of nearly \$2,000,000. When I asked him why we could not produce these in America, he said we did not have the chemists. This is absurd. We have as clever chemists as there are anywhere. The truth is that it has never been particularly profitable



Husbandry Lags and Hunger Stalks in the Wake of Europe's War

THE German infantry, in the photograph above, on the march in Alsace, the scene of much of the hardest fighting in the European war, is only a part of the story. The rest is told by the inanimate objects. The farmer has unhitched his team from the wagon in the barn-

yard and hurried off to join his regiment without taking time to pitch the load of hay into the barn loft. And in his absence the farm becomes a highway for an army, which cares not what it tramples under foot. This farm, like hundreds of thousands of others in Germany, Austria,

Servia, Russia, Belgium, England, and France, the seven nations involved as we go to press, is left to the care of women and children and old men. Crops are perishing in the fields from lack of laborers, and Europe is already clamoring for American food products.



ON ITS WAY TO JOIN THE FRANCO-BELGIAN FORCES the British expeditionary army moved with clockwork precision. The snapshot above was taken as some of the English soldiers were waiting at Westminster Abbey, London, for orders to sail for France. They crossed the channel under close guard of warships. Their arrival was the occasion for an enthusiastic demonstration. The French officers and soldiers and the populace greeted them with cheers for England



—But They Came Too Late
to Protect Belgium

THE photograph above, reproduced by COLLIER'S exclusively, shows a part of the English army under General French as it was marching from Havre, just after landing on French soil to join the other allies at the front. In the large snapshot below is seen a regiment of French infantry, headed by its brass band, passing through a village on the way to General Joffre's battle line. The swiftness with which the French and English forces mobilized has not been questioned, but many close observers of the war are uncertain as to whether the two larger allies did all they could to protect Belgium. French and British military authorities maintain that their armies were held back for strategical reasons, and that in the long run the Belgian sacrifice will prove to have been better, not only for the larger allies, but for Belgium itself.



A Belgian heralding the German advance



England's Nightmare—A
German Invasion

ONE of the greatest calamities an Englishman can imagine is a German invasion of his country. It almost makes him shudder to think of the Kaiser's forces marching into London as the Prussians marched into Paris in 1871, because he knows that that would be England's crowning humiliation. And to make sure that the Germans are not going to effect a landing at some out-of-the-way point, the Government has placed an especially large number of lookouts along the coast to watch for possible invaders. The man in the oval is stationed on a promontory overlooking the Channel, not far from London. Germany would have to drive the allies from northern France and cripple the French and English navies before the Kaiser would attempt to throw an army across the Channel in an effort to take London or any other part of the United Kingdom. At the hour we go to press German aircraft are the only immediate menace to life and property in England.



The enthusiasm of Joffre's army as it marched to the front was like that of the Old Guard as it followed Napoleon



Pickups

By Grantland Rice

Hinkey's Assignment

WITHIN the next few days Frank Hinkey will inaugurate the Blue mobilization for 1914.

The Silent One in all his historic football career never faced a harder job. It is up to him to revive the old Yale tradition of victory. He takes charge after several lean Yale years. And beyond him wait Harvard, Princeton, and Washington and Jefferson, with three of the best teams they have ever known—three formidable machines. To say nothing of Colgate and Notre Dame who carry possibilities of power and who are coming to strike hard at any vulnerable spot in sight. It will take a first-class machine to escape at least three defeats—and something more than a first-class machine to roll back Nassau and Cambridge. Both have old revenges to establish from the Hinkey barb buried in their systems over twenty years ago.

And if Hinkey, with the war schedule he has to face, can lift Yale back to the crest, he will be a greater coach than he was an end—and no better end ever repulsed an assault.

The Old Cub Shadow

FOR five campaigns, from 1906 through 1910, the shadow of the old Cub machine fell athwart the Giants.

In 1911 it was thought around Manhattan Isle that this once dreaded shadow had been eliminated for good. When Chance, Tinker, and Evers passed from Chicago ranks in turn, the Cub spell was thought to be ended for good and all.

But there is still a sable section of the old Cub shadow above Giant pennant dreams. Through the closing days of August, the one club snarling at Giant heels—with its hot breath blistering the back of Giant necks—was Boston. And in the ranks the main soul of the Boston uprising was Johnny Evers. Batting with deadly timeliness around .300 and fielding with all his pristine brilliancy, the renowned Trojan, who ten years ago declared an eternal vendetta against the Giants, stood again as one of the main obstacles to New York's success. Outside of Stallings there was no greater factor in Boston's miraculous success. In spite of the many crushing blows that he had received from the mailed fist of Fate, Evers was again happy in the thought that he was able to help harass the leaders, even if not to help in actually crushing them again to earth.

The old Cub shadow had drifted away for a while and shifted its position. After long absence it rose again in a new quarter. But it has still been casting gloom over the sweep of Giant dreams—dreams that embraced a fourth successive pennant with the battle over by September.

The International Summing Up

	Games	won	lost	pct.
John Bull	7	5	2	.714
Uncle Sam	7	2	5	.286

HERE at the end of another vanished summer we are able at last to take up the international summary and break the bitter news.

Accustomed as he was to dine upon Lion's flesh year after year, the famished and startled Eagle has flown to his bleak eyrie to think it over—and plan for revenge.

We all knew that sport, at its best, was a bit uncertain—but we thought there might be a limit. Apparently there isn't.

Out of seven starts our Uncle Samuel winds up with a record of two victories and seven defeats for a percentage of .286—a percentage that even Yanks, Browns, Reds, or Dodgers at their worst would have considered raw.

Out of seven starts, John Bull emerges with five victories and two defeats for a mark of .714—estimable figures even for the Mackmen to shoot at.

And only nine months ago, after a surfeit of triumphs, we were extending deep sympathy to our rivals across the sea and hoping they might brace up

sufficiently to make it interesting at least. We beat them at court tennis and at rowing—they beat us at relay racing, golf, polo, boxing, and tennis. Young Jay Gould and the Harvard second crew saved us from total annihilation. And all this in a season where we expected to glide gently along with only a check or two here and there to show that a competition was established in a minor way.

On top of which we have no alibis to offer. In each instance our best was beaten—and our best trained to the hour for the battle ahead. It was not through carelessness nor through overconfidence. No one could have made keener preparation than our Messrs. Travers, Outmet, Evans, McLoughlin, Williams, Ritchie, or the others submerged by an unexpected landslide.

We merely lacked the material to meet such people as Brookes, Wilding, Captain Cheape, Larry Jenkins, Arnold Jackson, and several others that the British Empire was able to put into the field.

Of the seven leading events, four were fought out here and but three across the water, so even this alibi is denied us.

They came to our shores on four occasions and took away three trophies. We invaded their land three times and achieved but one scalp.

In the three leading internationals—polo, golf, and tennis—we failed to hold a cup. Our main solace was that Mr. McLoughlin, by beating Anthony Wilding and Norman Brookes in 6 sets to 1, proved himself to be the greatest tennis player alive. But that wasn't enough to save the Davis Cup a 12,000-mile journey to rest again under the flickering light of the Southern Cross.

In conclusion it might be whispered that if any country could afford an offyear, it was the United States, and that England is deserving of immense congratulation for emerging so suddenly and swiftly from the rut and fighting her way back again to the top.

Beyond the Score

Who shall say when the Game is done
What man lost and what man won?

Who shall say that the victim fought
With smaller courage for his part?
Who shall say that the victor wrought
With braver soul and finer heart?

Who shall say that the gleaming stars,
Radiant on the winner's scroll,
Will shine more brightly than the scars
Of him who fought to a hopeless goal?

Who shall say when the Game is done
What man lost and what man won?

World Series Chatter

LATE August records show that the Mackmen are batting just a trifle more robustly this season than last. That they are just a trifle steadier in the field. That they are getting just a bit surer pitching. And if needed there is a chance that Jack Coombs will be able to render assistance to Bender and Plank—who have averaged 8 wins out of 10 starts. Outside of which there is every reason in the world for Athletic followers to be intensely depressed over the World Series outcome.

The Next Campaign

JUST how deeply the European war will cut into the international program of sportive competition no man can say. It will certainly produce a lull for some time to come. But when "no braying horn nor screaming fife at dawn shall call to arms" and the feast of culture and wolf is over, this country will be more than ready to start back after some of its captured trophies.

The United States of

America has been on top too long to relish a habitat in second place. At polo, tennis, and golf especially, America will make a determined onslaught. By the time the next date is set we will have a new polo arrangement—with the promise of brilliant aid for Maurice McLoughlin in pursuit of the Davis Cup.

There are young stars coming on along all lines and it isn't likely that America will lack material—nor that she will rest content in second place. Too much victory produces a lack of interest—and of energy. The late campaign will add to the keenness of future internationals—and will produce thrills that were never known before when victory was taken for granted in advance.

The Duffer Exclaims

Conversation is vocation;
A stymie brings a frown;
A putt for a three so startles me
That I seldom get it down.

Considerable Corpse

JUST as the Feds were supposed to be disintegrating and ready to blow apart, they step out and annex Fielder Jones at a \$50,000 tax for a three-year term.

The old White Sox leader has carried a number of specialties in his day, but none of them was ever closely associated with a corpse.

Either the Feds have come to stay for a while or their Mr. Gilmore could step out to-morrow and trade John D. Rockefeller a toothpick for a lumber yard.

Short Marches

The favorite Biblical quotation in the Boston camp to-day is said to be this—"The last shall be first."

In summing up Mathewson's eight defeats up through August a keen-eyed critic discovered that he had lost one game to the Cardinals, one to the Braves, and six to the Giants.

The game of war knows but one official score keeper. His name is Vulture.

R. Burns vs. G. Stallings

THE late Mr. Burns may have been a greater poet than Mr. George Stallings of the Boston Braves, but we doubt if he would have made as able a baseball leader.

When harassed by a slump, as we recall the lines, Mr. Burns had about the following to say:

"Och—thou art blest compared with me—
The present only toucheth thee—
But backward now I cast my e'e
On prospects drear;
And forward, though I cannot see,
I guess and fear."

On the first day of July Stallings, in casting his e'e backward, could only look upon fourteen seasons of Boston defeat and disaster. His present complications were even worse—for his club was a hopeless last. Yet, in looking forward, he neither "guessed nor feared." He merely kept on fighting—with the result that the main baseball laurel for 1914 will go to him and his stalwart little clan, regardless of who may win a flag or the big October series.

Such stalwart uprisings as the Braves have furnished are not only good for the game—but for humanity as well. They are shining examples to those buried in the rut—and far out of the reach of fame. They prove that for those willing to fight on, re-

gardless of all odds, it is never too late to start back up the hillside for the forest. They keep from fading out the pennant dream of those in the Game of Life who are tailenders and out of the running. They show that for the entry who refuses to quit, the Promised Land is never out of reach.



France Marches Singing

(Continued from page 6)

guide the "militaires." Reservists bound for Nancy and Bar-le-Duc, this way! For Mézières and Laon, over there! At the gates no one but the mobilized may enter, not even a reporter provided with a "coupe-fil," adequate in ordinary times for a passage through the police lines.

But to-day—NO!!! Paris is under martial law. High atop the station stands the heroic statue of Strasbourg, welcoming the sons of France to her long, long, looked-for deliverance.

In a constant stream the men come up—on foot, in taxicabs and fiacres, in carts and trams and Metro, and all their weeping families with them. But it is the men who are weeping now as well as the women. That's where I caught the sharp, acrid scent of war's first tragedy.

Paris Is Out of Small Change

I NOTICED Webster pulling out his handkerchief to dry his eyes, and looked. I saw a youth with a purple face and trembling mouth turn at the last moment, tear off a little shoe from his baby, kiss it, kiss it, stuff it into his sack—and go. Men were kissing men.

Chocolates were handed over at the last moment, rings plucked off and pressed on lovers' fingers. I saw one stupid-looking bourgeois take out his clasp knife and saw a lock of hair from an old lady's gray head. But there was little time for prolonged adieux; to be late to the rendezvous meant disgrace.

"Send me a pretzel from Berlin!" cried a girl of the streets; she gave a queer laugh, then down her rigid face the tears poured in streams.

Wagonloads of ouvriers drove up with flags, singing. Sharp, bright, spick-and-span officers in blue and red and gold and shapely legs and boots, with coquettish beards and eyeglasses, were very important now; everyone watched them. How languid and elegant they were, how jauntily they tried to conceal their own consciousness! Their saber tips clashed on the sidewalk. Was it accidental?

"Have a cigarette?" Webster asked me. I took one. "Got a match?" I looked in my pockets. Not a single one—not even the abominable little sulphur affairs that workmen use. We turned to ask a light of some one—who? No one was smoking. "Funny!" said Webster. So we walked about to find some one from whom to borrow a light.

In all that throng, not one! What did it mean? Simply, that nobody "had the price." Money? Oh, yes. I could have borrowed a hundred francs easily enough? But a sou? Not much. The city was out of small change.

The Wolf Is at the Door

THAT was when we first began to realize what a state of siege meant. Surely, war is hell if one cannot buy a package of cigarettes in Paris. But, for most of us, it was virtually true. For days we had begun to feel the stringency. We first heard rumors, then bank notes were refused at the cafés. By the first day of mobilization everyone had become a miser. A fifty-centime piece looked as big as a silver dollar. To have twenty-

seven francs was affluence—to have five hundred, but in bills only, was beggary. One hated to buy a paper, much less a drink.

The main question was whether or not we ought to lay in stocks of candles, wine, and sardines.

I met a man from Chicago who had been carrying round twenty one-hundred-franc notes for two days and was still unshaved.

Shutters Go Up

THERE was much talk of the new fractional paper currency, the five and twenty franc notes that have lain so long in the treasury that the blue ink has changed to green. Prepared for such an emergency as this, it was not until the second day of mobilization that its issue was decided upon. We had seen pictures of the bills in the newspapers, but they were still inaccessible. On Monday there was a line of four abreast waiting before the Bank of France, extending all the way round the Palais Royal clear to the Théâtre Français. Men and women spent the night there, holding their places. Well, it is better to go without cigarettes than do that.

It is better even to go without clean collars, to walk across the city, even to go thirsty.

There's little need of money anyway, for the shops are closing rapidly, more and more daily. On the Rue de la Paix the jewelers have removed their precious stones and valuable articles from the windows.

Shutters are going up all over town. Not a restaurant, café, bar, or tobacco shop is open anywhere near the Gare de l'Est even in the daytime.

"A Bas les Allemands!"

BUT it is not only the going away of the men that has caused business to stop. It is not even the scarcity of change. It is also the mobs. No shop with a German sign is now safe during the first days of the reaction against the Teutons.

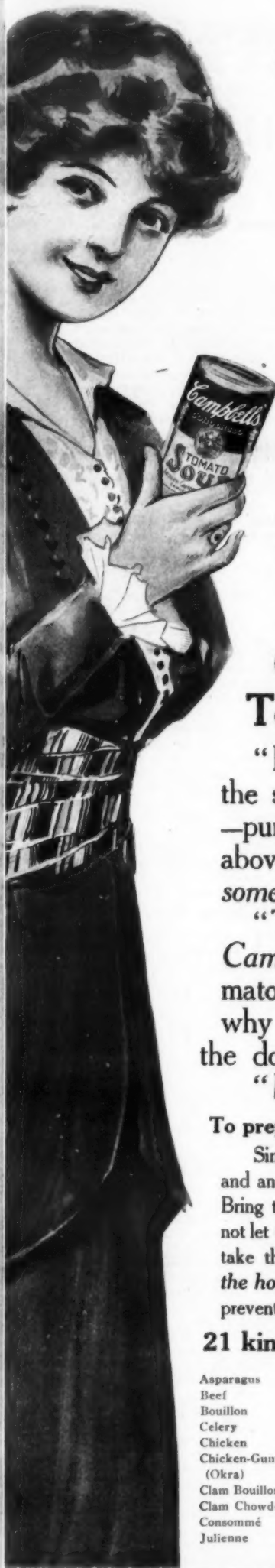
The crowds that paraded with the tricolor, singing "La Marseillaise" and shouting "To Berlin!" have been augmented by the riffraff of the city, Apaches and hoodlums. More than once they have stopped at a Vienna bakery or a Munich beer saloon and smashed the windows, broken the chairs, upset the tables, and emptied the beer into the street. In the Rue Montmartre a Frenchman named Yarf has reversed the letters and changed his sign to "Fray" to evade the mob.

All over town now, wherever Rhine wines are sold or where Alsatian brands are advertised, one sees on the windows the announcement: "Maison Française," or "The patron is a sergeant of the Territorials and has rejoined his regiment." "Ici, tout, le monde est Française." Indeed, many timid ones are not content with that, nor with the red, white, and blue placards:

"Closed on Account of the Mobilization."

They have even pasted their military papers to the window, in token of loyalty and service; they have pasted up their cer-

(Continued on page 26)



"Yes,
the Campbell
reputation
certainly
counts
with
me.

"I feel that this
reputation and the
quality which has
made it and the
conscience behind
them both—are
maintained in every
can of

Campbell's Tomato Soup

"I know that it is always
the same and always good
—pure, appetizing, rich and
above all thoroughly whole-
some.

"That is why I specify
Campbell's in buying to-
mato soup. And that is
why I always buy it by
the dozen.

"Why don't you?"

To prepare it as a Cream-of-tomato

Simply heat the contents of the can
and an equal quantity of milk separately.
Bring them to the boiling-point but do
not let them boil. When ready to serve
take them from over the fire and *pour
the hot soup into the hot milk.* This
prevents curdling.

21 kinds 10c a can

Asparagus	Mock Turtle
Beef	Mulligatawny
Bouillon	Mutton Broth
Celery	Ox Tail
Chicken	Pea
Chicken-Gumbo	Pepper Pot
(Okra)	Printanier
Clam Bouillon	Tomato
Clam Chowder	Tomato-Okra
Consommé	Vegetable
Julienne	Vermicelli-Tomato



Campbell's SOUPS

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL



The crowds that paraded with the tricolor, singing "La Marseillaise" and shouting "To Berlin!" have been augmented by the riffraff of the city, Apaches and hoodlums



What will he do?

What will the tense, crazy-nerved, doped weasel of a man do? Baby's cry calls the mother—baby, mother and this cruel, human vermin in a dark room—that's what burglary is.

Are you ready—if the time should come—to do your duty by your burglar?

Between you and the burglar there is but one law—a law which was old when the cave man followed it—your right to defend your home and family. The

IVER JOHNSON Safety Automatic REVOLVER

is safe—safe even if dropped—safe in nervous hands, for its safety is automatic—part of the revolver—no levers or buttons to press—or forget. The only way it can be fired is by a long pull on the trigger.

The final test—you can Hammer the Hammer.

Equipped throughout with unbreakable, permanent tension wire springs.

\$6.00—at Hardware and Sporting Goods Dealers

Send for our 32-page Book, bound in board covers, which tells all about Revolvers, Iver Johnson Champion Shot Guns, Bicycles and Motorcycles.



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146 River Street, Fitchburg, Mass.
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A PEERLESS CARD

Just what the name implies—Peerless, unsurpassed, unequalled, unrivalled, is an accurate description of the Peerless Patent Book Form Card.

They are more than a card; they are an expression of personality, individuality. They are not only better, but they represent actual economy because they eliminate waste. Being in book form, every card is used just when needed. They are always flat, unwarped and clean and all the edges are perfectly smooth and sharp. They can only be appreciated by being seen and used. Send today for a sample tab and detach the cards one by one as you would use them. Their perfection will thrill you.

THE JOHN E. WIGGINS COMPANY
Engravers, Plate Printers, Die Embosser
Established 1887, 80-85 East Adams St., Chicago

Garage \$49.50

Genuine "Edwards." Ready-made, fire-proof garages. Quickly set up any place. Direct-from-factory prices—\$49.50 and up. Postal brings illustrated 64-page catalog.

The Edwards Mfg. Co., 333-383 Eggleston Av., Cincinnati, O.

The Traveling Salesman

By William Maxwell



ILLUSTRATED
BY
WALTER J.
ENRIGHT

HOW easy it is to say "I am managing the traveling force of So and So." Easy to say and it sounds good, too; but it isn't an easy thing to do. In fact, I never saw anyone really manage a force of travelling men.

One of the reasons why it is hard to manage traveling men can be found in a little red book called "The Official Hotel Guide." This book contains the names of most of the hotels in the United States, and a majority of them are unconscious foes to efficiency on the part of their guests as well as remarkable examples of inefficiency themselves. The bad cooking, untidy house-keeping, and general squalor of the average commercial hotel make it difficult for a commercial traveler to maintain constantly the fervid enthusiasm about his house, his goods, and his job that the man who is "managing" him counts on when figuring out the "propositions" that are to be "put across" by the traveler.

A traveling man leaves the home office with fresh samples in his sample case, crisp new bank notes in his pocket for expenses, and the instructions and admonitions of the sales manager at least partially remembered and understood. He is filled with determination to make this trip the biggest one on record. He will show everybody what he can do. Yes, sir, he feels just like tearing up the earth this time. He is brimming over with enthusiasm, energy, determination, self-confidence—and anything else you care to name that a traveling man should brim over with when he starts out on a trip.

Handicaps at the Start-Off

"TACKS-EE-KEE, sir?" Yes, why not ride down to the station in a taxi? It won't cost much more than that big imported cigar the boss gave him yesterday. So clear to the station he goes in a taxi.

"Couldn't get a lower for me, could you? Well, I guess I'll have to take an upper then." An upper berth and a nice bright light right over his head until midnight; the Junction at five in the morning, with a zealous porter waking him at 4:15; connecting train due to leave the Junction at six; saloons just opening up; cold gray morning; little drink wouldn't go so badly; bad habit to drink before breakfast—but then; say, that new cocktail the sales manager ordered at luncheon yesterday was a pretty tasty drink—wonder if the bartender over there could mix one; exit drummer; so much for the first leg of the trip.

The train proves to be late, but not late enough to permit breakfast uptown at the junction. It finally comes along. There is no dining car, for this kind of a train doesn't pamper its passengers. The candy butcher would think you were trying to "kid" him if you attempted to buy a twenty-five-cent cigar. It's just a plain train without any frills on it. Our traveling man arrives at Brownsville in a drizzling rain. The bus bounces him up to the Central Hotel, where breakfast has nearly run its course. The members of "Within the Law, No. 13 Company," are the only guests left in the dining room. The leading woman looks at him disdainfully and remarks to her companion: "These drummer dumps are fierce, ain't they? Did you taste that coffee? And look at the toast, would you—and the butter—that surely must be goat-milk butter."

It's a Fierce Trip All Round

OUR traveling man doesn't hear the leading woman's comment. He only sees her, and, as he slides into his chair, murmurs to Maggie, the head waitress:

It's queer how much better some hotels look on the pages of the Hotel Guide than they do when you pull the pen out of the potato to write your name in the guest book

"I see you've got some show people," to which Maggie replies, wrinkling her nose scornfully: "Yes, and thank heaven they're goin' to leave on the eleven o'clock train. They're something fierce, them show people."

It's fierce all round. The leading woman was right when she said "drummer dumps" are fierce—at least she was right about some of them. On the other hand, Maggie was right about show people. They get pretty fierce when they go against a fierce drummer dump. People who have lived most of their lives at actors' boarding houses and hotels that print "Steam heat in every room. Special rates to the profession" on the hotel stationery will go up in the air a mile when they get a week of fair to medium, pretty much on the average commercial hotels; but the poor old traveling man is expected to take fifty-two weeks of it, if need be, and never make a murmur. In fact, when he asks for a salary raise, the sales manager is mighty apt to say: "And you must not forget that we are paying your expenses. You're living on the fat of the land—at our expense." I know sales managers say that and believe it, for I've said it myself. It's queer how much better some towns look on the map than they do when you meet them face to face, and how much better some hotels look on the pages of the Hotel Guide than they do when you pull the pen out of the potato to write your name in the guest book—no, I mean register your name under the vividly colored date slip furnished by the enterprising manufacturer who imagines that these slips are bringing his product into prominence. I know he is enterprising, but I can't remember his name or his product. Can you?

These Discouraging Hotels

ENOUGH of this. Let us get back to our hero, by this time laboriously excavating with a cloudy spoon the interior of a spongy orange. He is feeling rather seedy. If any comparison can be drawn between a small orange full of large seeds and a traveling man who feels decidedly gone to seed, he is the seedier of the two. He feels, and rightly, that the Junction bartender did not make that cocktail exactly as it was made at the sales manager's club. Instead of whetting the appetite, as any well-concocted cocktail is supposed to do, this particular cocktail is exciting premonitions of an untimely headache. The

lumpy oatmeal seems more lumpy; the leathery beef-steak more leathery; and the muddy coffee more muddy.

Out in the "office" after breakfast, he moodily lights a cigar and momentarily pauses to examine with feigned interest an ammunition manufacturer's familiar lithograph of a sportsman shooting ducks, and a harvester company's equally familiar calendar illustrating a blond broiler down stage in an Old Homestead costume against a back drop that depicts a wheat field and a binder, with the company's name on it in letters of disproportionate size. He then moves over to a shoe manufacturer's map of the United States, and discovers the interesting geographical fact that Brownsville is located on the right eyebrow of the shoe company's salesman for this particular State.

Seeing Smith

AT 9:30 he starts out to see Smith, his Brownsville customer. He doesn't feel quite so brisk or confident or enthusiastic as he did the day before when he left the sales manager's office. Then his territory was a map containing so many towns and so much possible business. To-day it is merely a collection of

places with bad hotels and worse railroad connections. Yesterday Brownsville was a dot on the map and a possible thousand-dollar order. To-day it is an ugly country town that he wants to leave behind him as soon as possible. Maybe he can get through with Smith in time to get away on the eleven o'clock train. Smith never was a very live wire, and there's not much use of springing the sales manager's new scheme on him. Of course it's all right to mention the scheme to Smith, but hardly worth while to take up much time with it. "I'll get his order for what he wants and get out at eleven o'clock, I guess."

Avoiding Waste of Time with Smith

WELL, he made the eleven o'clock train and had a game of pitch with three other salesmen. Nice fellows they were, and all four worked the next town in three hours and got out of it together on the 4:15 train. Two of them had intended to spend a little more time with their customers and wait for the 7:30 train, but it did seem a shame to break up the pitch game. That night they had a real sure enough pitch game, and our man lost seven dollars, but he didn't care much about the loss until the next morning when he got up with a slight headache. His orders for the previous day hadn't been sent in, so he sat down before breakfast and, instead of the comprehensive reports he had intended to send the sales manager, wrote briefly, as follows: "Was too busy last night to send in my daily reports. Inclosed find orders from Smith of Brownsville and Jones of Newtown. Best I could do. They wouldn't consider your new scheme, but I will try it on everybody just as you said. Want to get over the territory as rapidly as possible, so as to keep ahead of Blank & Co.'s man. Will be in Summit Sunday. Change route card accordingly. Haven't had time to make up those new reports on Brownsville and Newtown. As you know, a traveling man doesn't have much time to fill out reports, but will do the best I can."

Communicating with the Home Office

THE sales manager reads the letter and says to himself: "That fellow's a hustler. He's not much on making reports, but I suppose he's right; a traveling man doesn't have much time." It's rather funny how sales managers fall for that "too busy to make reports"

idea, inasmuch as most of them have been traveling men themselves.

Getting back to our hero again. Ten days pass, during which, by sundry economies, most of the seven-dollar loss at pitch has been absorbed by the expense account. Scarcely anything else of great moment has occurred, unless the breaking up of the pitch-playing quartet can be so regarded. In a couple of towns the trains ran in such a way as to give our traveling man a good deal of time in each place. In the first he caught up on his reports. In the second, having nothing better to do and having breakfasted uncommonly well (good hotel there), he tackled his customer on the sales manager's new scheme. It took all morning and then two hours more after luncheon to do it, but he finally put the scheme over—which only goes to show, you know, that some merchants will take hold of a sales manager's schemes and some won't.

What Became of the New Scheme

THE hotels got no better; same way about trains; rotten weather, too. Time passed. Cosmopolis for the third Sunday. Gee, a traveling man leads a pretty hard life. Well, anyway, there's always a good bunch Sundaying at Cosmopolis; wonder if that plump little brown-eyed waitress is still there; she certainly was a good fellow.

The sales manager's new scheme? "Oh, I put that over with one fellow, but most of 'em don't seem to take to it, and I don't press 'em very hard. The fact is, for the last two or three days I haven't mentioned it to the trade at all. I'm trying to get over my territory, you know, and get what business there is in sight. Cosmopolis for Sunday? Betcher life."

After a while the sales manager, back in the home office, takes stock of his pet scheme. He folds up the papers and tucks them away. "The boys have even quit referring to it in their reports," he says to himself. "I suppose they don't want to rub it in on me. That scheme apparently was a lemon. Of course the new fellow out in Iowa is doing pretty well with it, but I guess his territory is different from the rest. I'll let him go along as he's doing now, but as far as the other boys are concerned, I guess I can count on them to get all the business there is in sight without any new schemes."

Problems of a Sales Manager

NO, I'm not trying to be funny, and I don't care how many sales managers and traveling salesmen read the foregoing and say "Not me"—or "I."

No sir, I don't care what they say. I know that human nature, country hotels, and local trains have wrecked more good sales plans than you can shake a stick at.

Manage traveling men? Anybody can make a traveling man call his laundry by some other name in his expense account. Anybody can make a traveling man fill out route cards and send them in. Anybody can stick tacks in a map and do the other things that tradition ascribes to the management of traveling men, but who ever really managed a force of traveling men?

I have always liked to try to manage travelers, but, then, there are always men who like to play a hard game. I believe in all the modern frills, including maps and tacks and geographically arranged card files with significant colors for the cards, for a sales manager needs to have before him a graphic picture of his territory, just as a general needs campaign maps and the best obtainable information about the opposing forces. However, as they are generally used, the maps, cards, tacks, etc., of a modern sales department probably do not yield a direct return commensurate with the

cost of their maintenance; but unless they are very sadly misused, I believe they have a considerable indirect value. For example, a map system properly kept up is a constant accusation of the sales manager. No sales manager nor sales force ever works a territory the way it should be worked; that is impossible, for perfection is never attained in any sales department; but when business is good, sales managers are prone to become self-satisfied, and the worst thing a sales manager can do is to become satisfied with himself and his department. If the true conditions are kept constantly before him in graphic form, no sales manager can ever get in that state of mind. Furthermore, the geographical point of view must be constantly maintained if a sales manager is really going to manage sales and not let sales manage him. A gratifying volume of business does not necessarily signify selling efficiency, but an accurate knowledge of the weak points in the territory and an intelligent and persistent attack on those points is almost certain to bring about increased sales. Among other arguments in favor of the geographical form of attack is the fact that traveling salesmen are sometimes inclined to avoid the towns where their services are needed most and are much disposed to underestimate the importance of small towns, particularly small towns that have bad hotels or poor train service.

The Geographical Attack

THERE was once a time when a certain reaper company had very decidedly the lion's share of the reaper trade. Their binders and mowers were popular with the farmers. They were lenient in their collection methods. They had the pick of the implement dealers for their agents. They seemed as strongly entrenched as a manufacturer of a competitive article could be. Their branch managers were the overlords of the implement business. Their traveling salesmen were envied by the travelers of all the other reaper concerns. Perhaps a part of this envy was occasioned by the fact that most of this particular reaper company's dealers were located in fair-sized towns—"electric-light towns," as they were known twenty years ago. A man who traveled for this reaper concern could on the average stop at better hotels and ride on better trains than the men who worked for the other reaper companies. Since this company had in most cases the best dealer in each of the best towns, the other companies had to take second choice in those towns. One of the other companies finally de-

from those of a manufacturer of high-priced confectionery or expensive corsets, but the geographical attack has a suitable adaptation for every selling problem.

What Is Up to a Sales Manager

THE geographical attack requires the routing of traveling men—not necessarily prescribing in what order nor upon what days they shall visit certain towns, but at least instructing them as to what towns they are to visit. Some sales managers refrain from doing this, and say in effect: "Our traveling men know more about their respective territories than we do." This is a damaging admission for a sales manager to make. While a traveling man may know more about some things in his territory than the sales manager can know or needs to know, no sales manager should permit himself to know less than his traveling men about the important territorial facts. One reason why a manufacturer who operates through branch offices is usually able to show a higher degree of sales efficiency than the manufacturer who does not is because a branch manager, without conscious effort, acquires a knowledge of his territory that a general sales manager does not get without the most persistent effort, nor retain and make useful without the painstaking compilation and maintenance of convenient and graphic records.

But why, in an article about managing travelling men, should I talk about geographical attack and the mechanics of sales management when the principal problem is a human problem—a very human problem. The average human mind is not very ready in its grasp of the thoughts that emanate from another mind. Even when I agree with your views and indorse your plans, I probably do not more than half comprehend the underlying reasons that have influenced them. Accordingly, when I attempt to carry out your plans, I fall far short of doing and saying all that you had in mind. I may omit to do or say the very thing that would have made your scheme a great success.

Comprehending the Boss

I AM quite sure that not more than one traveling man in ten fully understands what his house is trying to accomplish. This is partly the fault of the traveling man and partly the fault of the sales manager—mostly the sales manager's fault, I think. Of course the traveling man knows that his house wants him "to go out and get the business," but he rarely has that sympathetic understanding of the sales manager's

selling schemes that would enable him to put in those finer touches of salesmanship that correspond, for example, with the suppleness of a champion billiardist's wrists or the delicate sensitiveness of a premier jockey's hands. Speaking of billiards in comparison with salesmanship, the attitude of the average traveling man toward salesmanship is a good deal like my own attitude toward billiards. I know that three balls are used in the game, and that if I make one hit each of the other two I thereby score a point, but

I have never taken the trouble to study either angle or stroke, and I play no better game to-day than I did ten years ago. The average traveling salesman takes the same pains to comprehend the true inwardness of his sales manager's plans as I have taken to master the true inwardness of billiards. This is partly because scarcely anybody can exactly understand the ideas of anybody else, but principally because scarcely anybody really cares very much about the ideas of anybody else.

When you explain your ideas to me you must do one of three things to get me to make an intelligent and sincere effort to carry them out. You must

Elgin Wonder Tales



The Horse That Fell at Klipriver Drift

A CORRESPONDENT of the London "Daily Mail" writes: "In 1900 I purchased an Elgin in Capetown. I carried it with me during the Boer War, and it was put out of action by the fall of my horse at Klipriver Drift. I had it restored to order in Johannesburg, and it kept perfect time. I have carried my

ELGIN Watch

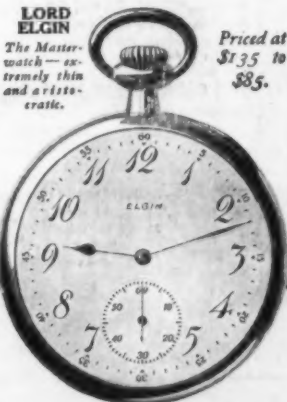
in the Arctic Circle, and it has been a faithful friend on or about the Equator. It dropped overboard in the river Congo, was fished up by a diver, and suffered no ill effects. It was broken again by a fall in Tangiers, at the time Raisuli captured Mr. Perdicaris, and was restored at Gibraltar."

This is proof positive of the Elgin's accuracy and service, and illustrates the Elgin system of interchangeable parts which make quick repair possible by any jeweler—anywhere.

Booklet sent on request.

ELGIN NATIONAL WATCH CO.
Elgin, Illinois

LORD
ELGIN
The Master-
watch—ex-
tremely thin
and aristo-
cratic.



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\$85.



His orders for the previous day hadn't been sent in, so he sat down before breakfast and wrote briefly

cided that it would rather have the best dealer in a poor town than the worst dealer in a good town. So the other company commenced to specialize on the small towns, and ultimately it had the electric-light towns hedged about with crossroads dealers. In a good many ways these crossroads dealers did not compare favorably with the dealers in the electric-light towns, but they covered the territory so thoroughly that their efforts gradually brought results, and when both companies merged some ten or twelve years ago each company was doing about the same amount of business.

The sales problems of a reaper manufacturer are, of course, very different

It fills itself

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Conklin's
Self-Filling
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Dip your Conklin Pen into any inkwell, anywhere, press the "Crescent-Filler" with your thumb and there's your pen full, ready for action and plenty of it. That's the four-second pen-program for hustlers everywhere.

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is the original and recognized leader of all self-fillers—over a million in use. Look for the "Crescent-Filler."

Sold by Stationers, Druggists, Jewelers, on 30 days' trial. Prices, \$2.50, \$3.00, \$3.50, \$4.00, \$5.00 and up. Write for catalog and two little books of pen wit—all free.

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700-710 E. & C Building
SAN FRANCISCO
679 Market Street
WINNIPEG, CANADA
446 Donald Street

either make me think they are my own ideas or you must intimidate me, or you must be very, very convincing—more convincing than I have ever yet known any sales manager to be.

Now we have arrived at the kernel of the matter, and if there is any value in this article, here it is: Sales managers issue instructions and counsel with the fatuous belief that such instructions and counsel are studied, pondered on, understood, and heartily indorsed by the traveling men who receive them. Not once in ten times is this the case. A traveling man may take any one of a dozen different views when he receives instructions from his manager. Here are some of them: (1) "I'm always willing to follow instructions from the house, but I know these won't work in my territory, and I'll soon convince the house of that." (2) "What does this fellow know of conditions in my territory; this may be all right in other territories, but not in mine." (3) "I guess this guy thinks I don't know how to handle my trade—wants to tell me just how to do it." (4) "What do you know about that—trying to tell me—who was in this business before he was out of grammar school." (5) "I'm going to quit—if I can get another job." (6) "That's what I've been doing right along—not just that way, but the same thing; thinks he can tell me something, does he?"

Pointers for Sales Managers

THESE are some of the things traveling men say when they get your letters of instruction, Mr. Sales Manager. Now and then a new man or some chap who has taken a fancy to you will say, "That's a good idea," but you must figure that he probably doesn't more than half understand what your idea is, and if he does, his enthusiasm and interest are not likely to survive a week of bad hotels and bad train service.

When I am managing traveling salesmen I try to remember that I am managing a bunch of the finest fellows in the world, who are up against a mighty tough game. I try to remember that they know a lot about the business—more about some phases of it than I do. I am willing to let them help me form the sales policies of the company. I like to get them all together and "choose up" sides, like an old-fashioned "spell-down" contest. One side represents the customers' side—the buying side; the other side represents our side—the selling side. Then we go to work and collaborate on a complete selling plan. The fellows on the buyers' side try to spike or blow up

the guns of the fellows on the selling side. Sometimes we spend a whole day on a single point, but before we finally decide what it is best to do and say on that point, everyone—both the buyers and sellers—must agree that the thing we have decided on is the very best thing to do and say. Point by point we

years, and, on the whole, it has been successful, although, after an interval, country hotels and local trains will reduce almost to zero the effectiveness of any selling plan that can be devised.

With reference to the second method of getting traveling men to embrace unreservedly a sales manager's schemes, viz., scaring them into it, I must confess that I have never tried that plan. When a traveling man doesn't do what you want him to do, and persists in his obstinacy, he ought to be dismissed, and his dismissal probably has a good effect on his fellows, but I have never been able to bring myself to dismiss anyone in a way to accomplish that effect in the fullest degree, which is one reason why I am not a good sales manager.

As to being convincing with a traveling man—well, if you can be that, you don't need to read this or any other article on the management of traveling men, and probably haven't.

Expense Accounts

I AM practically through. I could talk about expense accounts, I suppose, but that is a delicate subject. It is a noteworthy fact that most of the men who now sit at sales managers' desks are men whose expense accounts in their traveling days were extremely moderate. I don't know of any sales manager who was ever an expense-account grafter—or who even tried to "break even" when he was on the road. I know I wasn't smart enough to do it, and when I was called in to the home office to take a position there, I actually didn't know enough to charge up my railroad and sleeping-car fare.

I thought my job ended while I was on the road and that my new job didn't commence until I arrived at the home office. Can you beat it?

A Final Word or Two

I HAVE written quite a lot about the management of traveling men. There is a lot more I should like to write, but it scarcely has a place here. I believe in letters of a certain sort ahead of the travelers and letters of another sort—to which they contribute—behind them, but that again gets into the mechanics of the game, so I shall have to profess that the foregoing is all I know about the broad principles of the very difficult science of really and truly managing traveling men—except one thing: go easy on the "bawl-outs"; if possible, temper with some praise every letter of criticism; if that isn't possible, it's pretty nearly time for something stronger than criticism.

The Hair

By ANTHONY EUWER

*Oh, the ways of the Hair they are various,
Its career not a little precarious;
Ofttimes we may note
One alone and remote,
Then again it may be quite gregarious.*

work up a complete sales plan with the exact detail and dialogue of the approach and all of the subsequent steps of a sale. When it is finished, each of the traveling men solemnly subscribes to the fact that it is his plan—not mine—and fares forth to slay the trade with a weapon of his own fashioning. Even so, I have heard that some of the solemn subscribers later went back on their solemn oaths and said it was all—well, you know, what kind of foolishness. However, that doesn't matter, for I have used this method for several

MY private opinion is insignificant, coming from a high-school student. But it is my spontaneous approval of your attitude toward the present Administration. Your viewpoint is broad and generous. That is, to give a man credit for what he does, even though he be a Democrat. Reading your editorial page and your "Comment on Congress" is a profitable pleasure, worth far more than the purchase price. If ever a magazine deserved to earn dividends it is COLLIER'S.

EDWARD M. FORD.

Whatever faults it may have, COLLIER'S has done a clean thing in dealing with quackery and kindred evils, and it deserves praise for its support of Woodrow Wilson, even if the support is tinged with bitterness.—Temple (Tex.) *Mirror*.

GLENDIVE, MONT.

Permit a word of commendation from a reader for the last dozen years. In COLLIER'S I have found a correlation of all those processes which go to make American life what it is to-day. In modern life we are constantly living in a "new" era of criticism and experiment. As the years pass the ideas are gradually changed, but all according to some definite plan of the universe. No other magazine that I know of so reaches every stratum of the masses as does COLLIER'S. You can go out into the sheep camps of this State, and there find the lonely herders eagerly scanning their

Brickbats & Bouquets

latest copies of your magazine. Similarly, you might drop into the First National Bank of this city and find the president of it deeply engrossed in some story or leading editorial. There seems to be something to interest every phase of humanity. Your pages are indeed a wonderful assortment of the moods of life as we live it.

The editorials are superb. I generally turn to them first and leave the fiction for a later perusal.

FOREST GAINES.

RICHMOND, VA.

I want to express to you my high estimate and appreciation of the great work you are doing in all reform measures. You are exposing the terrible curse of strong drink, fake medicine, and other immoral measures from week to week with great power.

I consider your periodical the strongest national support we have, which should be taken and read religiously by all good citizens. We should have it in our homes, in easy access to our children. Such literature is sound, clean, and wholesome.

I greatly enjoy COLLIER'S contents from week to week, and as long as you advocate the principles that you have been and now are advocating, I do not expect to allow my subscription to expire.

May God speed you in this great work.

R. S. BARBOUR.

COLLIER'S WEEKLY, which prides itself on its etherealized English... editorially criticized "An example of poor English composed and printed by students of the University of Oregon." On the same page and in the leading editorial of the current number is this sentence: "Senators and Congressmen who differ from him (President Wilson) and from us, on the Mexican embroglio, have just as good consciences."—Bellingham (Wash.) *Herald*.

AUSTIN, TEX.

Your editorial pages are worth twice the price you ask for the paper.

R. W. DICKARD.

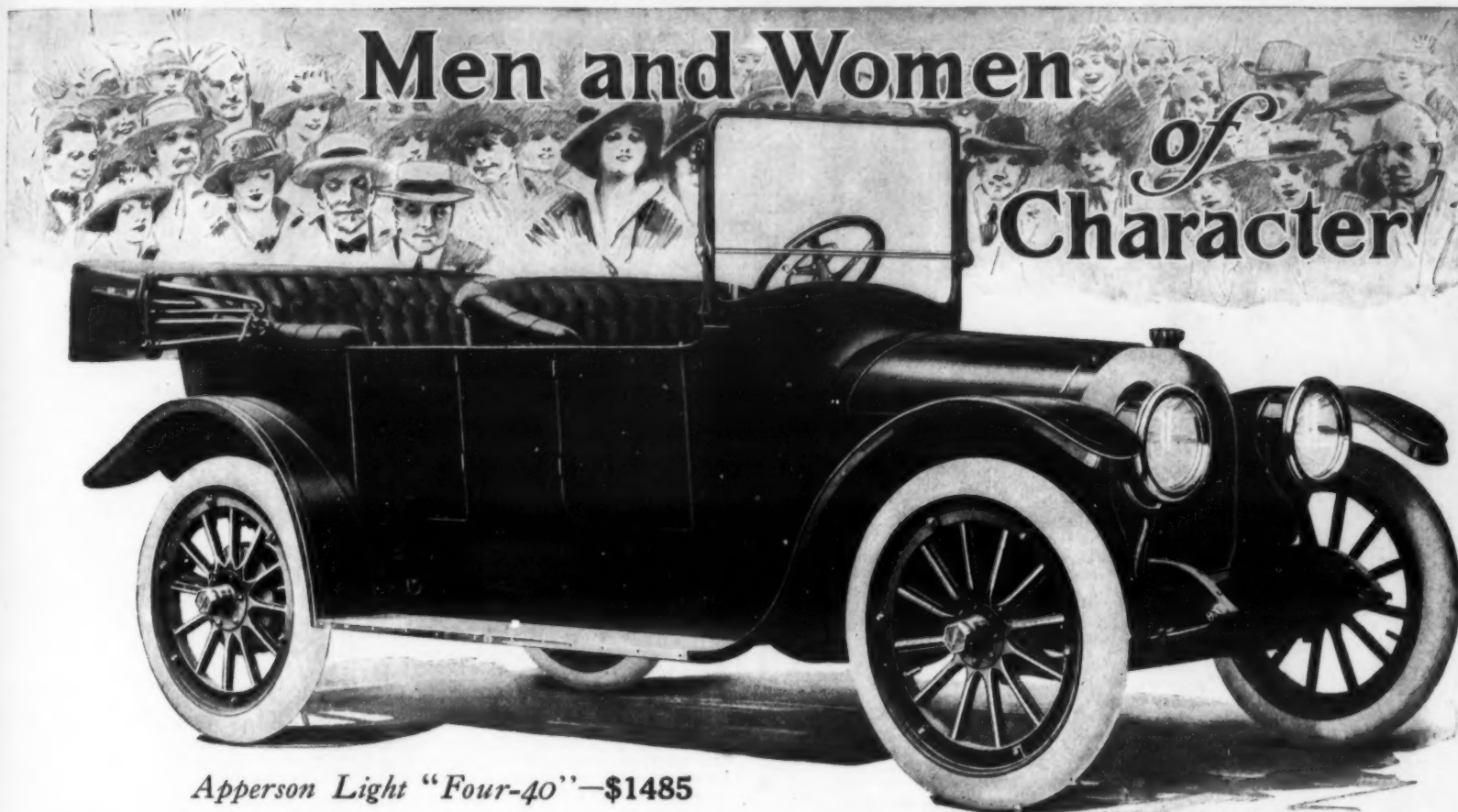
BERKELEY, CAL.

I indict you for circulating through the United States mails some of the most amateurish and puerile fiction that I have ever read in a national magazine of your standing. . . . I should always take COLLIER'S for its splendidly "forward-looking" policies and its magnificent editorials and special features even if it did not have any fiction at all.

T. R. BARRETT.

CLEVELAND, OHIO.

I have chuckled over the greater part of Julian Street's Cleveland story and been proud and glad of other portions of it, and have recognized the justice of still other portions. MUNSON HAVENS,
The Cleveland Chamber of Commerce.



Apperson Light "Four-40"—\$1485

Demand This Car

Built by Elmer and Edgar Apperson, for the past twenty-two years designers and manufacturers of quality cars for exclusive buyers.

Men Buy It—Because of its honest construction, rugged strength, simple design, excessive power, light weight and operative economy.

Women Select It—Because of its style, beauty, refinement of detail, simple control, ease of riding, luxurious comfort and graceful proportions.

Builders for Particular People

are Elmer and Edgar Apperson. These two men, long experienced in building high priced motor cars for those who demand the best, have an ability not usually found in Motor-car Manufacturers. Designing and building motor cars always for those who want nothing but the best has trained them to a quality production. Every Apperson car is built under the direct personal supervision of both of the brothers. As a result, their product has come to be known as

"The Car Apart"—

or the "Different" Car as so many call it after having an opportunity to try it out. It steers differently, rides differently, looks differently—*IS* different from any other automobile. The reason for the difference is found in the fact that the Apperson represents the life work of two great men. Pride in the product bearing the Apperson name has meant more to these men than money. During all their

22 Years Making Motor Cars

Elmer and Edgar Apperson have been true to their ideals. It is only within the past few years they have ever considered build-

ing popular priced cars. Finally in response to the demands of Apperson enthusiasts they have this year—for 1915—decided to build a line of cars suitable for all classes. In building as they have, heretofore, nothing but the highest priced cars they have had to cater to the women of the foremost families of America and Europe. As a result in their cars

The Springs and Cushions Are Designed for a Woman's Comfort

The cushions are of the proper thickness and made of springs of the right construction. The backs of the seats are made to fit the backs of the ladies of the household. By paying attention to these minor but very important details the Apperson Brothers have built a car in which you can motor across the country with the comfort of the Pullman.

The Famous Apperson Motor

known on two continents to be the best and most powerful gasoline engine for its size ever built, is a marvel of engineering skill. Fitted to it is the smoothest operating clutch ever made for motor cars. This is the Apperson metal clutch, patented by Elmer Apperson and used exclusively upon Apperson cars. It is practically indestructible. The

electric lighting and starting system is the separate unit type. No complications are possible. For ignition, high tension Magneto only, is furnished in a well-known German make. These things appeal to men and the

Style, Beauty and Refinement

built into the Apperson are attractive to the ladies. The gracefully tapering hood connecting as it does, the new V shaped radiator with the full streamline body, gives to the car a stylish distinctiveness. Only the most modern accessories, in accord with the design of the car, are used.

In short, Elmer and Edgar Apperson have built a "High Priced Car" to sell at a Popular Price.

1915 Models and Prices

Four 40—Five Passenger . . \$1485

(Also built in two-passenger roadster)

Six 45—Six or seven Passenger \$1785

(Also built in two-passenger roadster)

Four 45—Five Passenger . . \$1685

(Also built in two-passenger roadster)

Six 60—Five Passenger . . \$2200

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France Marches Singing

(Continued from page 21)

tificate of qualification as French electors. Some signs are more pathetic. "Henri Raymond and his two sons have joined their regiments and have left for the mobilization. Long live the French Alsace-Lorraine! This café will be used as an auxiliary hospital by the Red Cross."

Of course it is not merely hoodlumism that has wrecked the shops and beaten up occasional blue-eyed, light-haired foreigners. Rumors spread thick and fast. That first week of mobilization even milk depots were wrecked, and milk so scarce, too, that the poor were refused more than three sous worth at a time. By a curious bit of good luck I happened on the real cause of the destruction of the "Maggi" milk depots, numerous all over Paris. The Maggi is, or is supposed to be, a German company; at least, it was first successful in Germany. I was at the Prefecture of Police, trying for a "coupe-fil," or police pass, and overheard the Division Commissionaire talking excitedly at the telephone to his chief.

"They are saying that Maggi has left France with twenty millions of gold!" was the burden of his communication.

Destructive Mothers

ALREADY the report, true or untrue, had spread over the city. From woman to woman the story went. "What? I have two sick children, and they refuse me milk for them? They shut up their shops just when we are all alone and with little money? Oh, those pigs of Germans!" Down the streets of the quarter the protest ran, growing stronger, more definite, more excited and angry, till the men were aroused and swarmed with the women to the Maggi depots.

There was a big, fat woman, so I was told, a very Amazon, who led the mob. She waved a ferocious club. "A bas les Allemands!" (Down with the Germans!) she yelled, and plunged into an inflammatory harangue. With the chorus of bloodthirsty mothers it was like a devil's mass before that door for fifteen minutes before anything happened. Passers-by hardly knew what was the trouble until her club went up. Then, bang! smash! at the windows, and the door was kicked in. The crowd of furies swarmed into the shop and proceeded to smash it up. Slam went the tin cans of milk amid the shouts and curses of the very people who needed it most.

I reached the Maggi station in the Rue de Seine half an hour after it was demolished. Not a scrap of glass as big as a monocle was left in the sashes. Inside, chairs, tables, dishes, topsy-turvy on the floor, and in the street a puddle of white from gutter to gutter, with two cats placidly lapping it up.

All over Paris the official placards begin to bloom—from the President of the Council, from the President of France, from the Prefect of Police, from all officials and sundry, beseeching the citizens to "Keep calm! Keep cool!" "The nation is rallying; your women and children will be taken care of! Let us have no parties, but make one common cause against the enemy. *Vive la France!*" But what are these reassurances compared with the news from the embassies, through the War Office, via the newspapers? Germany is alone against the whole of an outraged Europe!

The Efficient French

THE newspapers were selling like hot cakes now, but it was a queer cent's worth you got for a sou. Already, in view of the famine of paper, they had begun to reduce their size. "La Liberté," "Le Journal," all the more important papers, were down to a single sheet. "La Presse" is but a half sheet, a Lilliputian journal. As good as the rest, however, for what we need—the truth, and so easy to read! All contain the same news. Only one war correspondent is permitted with the army, the Havas Syndicate representative, and his reports are rigidly censored. All other information comes through the Ministry of War. No doubt American correspondents are hurrying over to "do" the war. Why, they will have trouble even in getting into Paris.

For this is a war that is being conducted on strictly business methods. There is a good efficiency engineer directing things. The reprovisionment of Paris is being attended to scientifically. You can buy just so much potatoes, so much meat. Prices are regulated, des-

titute families are provided for, transportation will soon be in working order again. But at present we are in a state of siege, and it is hard to get out of the city.

So, curiously enough, it is left for the strangers in Paris to suffer the first inconveniences of war; the foreigners, and, as they are furthest away from home, above all, the Americans.

Pity the Tourist

I CAME across two young American school-teachers in the Avenue de l'Opéra. They had saved \$500 apiece for their trip and had arranged it so that they would, in normal conditions, arrive in Liverpool for their boat home with about \$5 apiece left. They were washing their own underwear and waists and stockings, and ate at the cheapest cafés. That is, they had eaten two days ago. What would become of them? There are thousands in as bad a fix: millionaires who can't get credit, ladies of fashion who have had to walk from one end of the city to the other in slippers, have sat up all night for three days. The bankers have stopped payment. Checks are worth nothing. So, like a storm, burst the wrath of the American tourists that attacked the embassy.

I went over to the banquet room of the Grand Hotel to have a look at my countrymen in a mass meeting of protest. I didn't at all care to get out of the country myself, but, Lord, how they did! The original Mr. Pip was there with his daughters, and dozens more like him. Women, women, and women, all worried, all pretty, all perfectly willing to get acquainted with anyone who spoke American. Two committees were drawing up elaborate, long-winded resolutions behind closed doors while the impatient crowd awaited an answer to the prime question: "What are you going to do about ME?" I roamed and listened.

"I shouldn't be surprised if she had got out of Germany, though... Yes, my wife's in Switzerland; only safe place; she can stay there forever, for all I... No, I get a cable every two hours regular. 'Why no answer from my cable of yesterday? Why no answer to my cable of this morning?' And here I am ruining myself sending message after message. ... Yes, Cook is charging 25 per cent premium for cashing. ... Paid more for a passage on the *La France* than a good automobile would have cost. ... Come down to my hotel, then, they'll trust you. ... Say, we Americans ought to get together and take care of these women; why, if we only would... I say, cable Wilson there's fifty thousand Democrats stranded here, and he'll get busy. ... Only four francs left, but, well, I've simply got to get that hatpin. ... Say, ain't that Senator Mulkins? Why, he'll be able to do something, sure! ... Well, if that little peach in green can stand it, I'm in no hurry!" and so on.

Yes, it's lucky for the American tourist these days if he knows of a good little peach in green! For, apart from such a flirtation, there is little to do. Paris, gay Paris, has dwindled to the status of a little country town. In a Middle-Western town, though, one can at least go to the "depot" to see the train come in. You can't do even that now in Paris.

All the shops are closed except a few of the big stores, which are almost empty, with clerks reading the war news, and those little places that sell provisions. Think of being in Paris and not being able to buy anything! No museums are open, no theatres. The cafés are shut by law at eight o'clock at night. After that one's only entertainment is to go down to some of the bridges over the Seine and watch the searchlights playing about the Eiffel Tower, looking for flying machines from Germany trying to drop a bomb into the wireless establishment.

Dilemma

HOW shall we Americans escape from this drizzling, mournful city? It is hard to find a cab—impossible to get trunks moved. There are no trains leaving anyway, so that question is settled. The next question is, How shall we stay? For the hotels are closing, too! Cooks and waiters and clerks, yes, and the fat, placid proprietor, too, is gone or is just going to the war. We shall have to stay on the street.

But no, we can't even stay on the

street without a "permis de séjour." Foreigners are given two days in which to comply with the formalities—get a passport from their consul, a certificate of residence from their hotel or pension, and then have the papers examined and annotated by the police.

How Could They Know?

ALL this, however, is easier said than done. I went to the United States Consul's office—what an office! Up three flights of stairs in the Avenue de l'Opéra. Yes, up three flights of stairs, if you can get up. But you can't. Positively not, unless you walk, climb, crowd, push past the mass of pretty girls and old ladies, fussy gentlemen, young men, aunts, grocers, millionaires, and professors from Chicago, Milwaukee, St. Paul, and points West and South. The only thing is to sit down on the stairs, as these young ladies do, and talk it over. Every fifteen minutes the crowd moves up another step. Mental arithmetic proves that it will take at least four hours to get inside and find out what in thunder the Consul General, the Vice Consul, and his assistant Consuls are doing to take so interminably long. Suddenly there is a commotion on the landing above. A large black satin-beaded lady has fainted! She is handed down to the concierge, and whisky is given her by a man with a cropped moustache whom she will never see again.

On the stairs worldly-wise young girls, traveling alone, discuss the situation in a businesslike manner, and prepare to hold the fort till midnight. But not I.

There are three good rules for the American tourist: 1. Ask three different officials what time your train starts. 2. Don't be afraid to tip anybody if you want favors. 3. Use your common sense in preference to all advice, even this. I acted on Rules Nos. 2 and 3. Descending, I succeeded in bribing the concierge to let her doubting husband take me upstairs on one of the little domesticated hand elevators Paris enjoys. It cost only a franc—and a twinge of conscience as to the actual importance of my errand, about which I had been so very glib in my American-French way.

At any rate, I got in at last and received, not a beautiful engraved passport, but a miserable purple typewritten sheet certifying that I was an American citizen. How they knew I was I don't know. The stenographer who typed my name in the blank was so confused and tired with writing names for twenty hours that he actually spelled mine right for the first time in years!

She Was from Valparaiso, Ind.

AT the Bureau de Police of my quarter such tactics were impossible. You can't fool much with martial law; tips are useless here, too—you must do what you're told. So I waited a while on the sidewalk, receiving gratuitous lessons in every European language. Negroes, Chinamen, Poles, English women, Russians, and Italians stood, massed, on that narrow sidewalk all day long. The Americans did not.

"I'm from Valparaiso, Ind.," a tall young lady with glasses finally announced to her English-speaking friends.

"and I'm happy to say that God, in His infinite wisdom, endowed me with a small bunch of common sense. This informs me that when I want anything of anybody I have to work for it and perhaps wait for it. But when anyone wants anything of me, they have to wait or else give me a decent show to give it to them. I'm in no hurry to leave Paris, and I don't propose to stand like dumb-driven cattle at the pasture gate waiting to be milked. I'll stay till exactly twelve-thirty and then I go to lunch. God save the Commonwealth of Indiana." And at twelve-thirty, go she did.

The rest stayed. They stayed through sun, through shine, and through rain. It rained cats and dogs, too that day, believe me! At five I walked leisurely to the bureau and obtained my permit to breathe the air of Paris.

The Pressure on Food

THE air of Paris! Every day it rains, every day more shops close, every day the food grows poorer. The chocolate grows thinner day by day. At dinner we have steamerage steaks. The little pats of butter on your heavy bread (no *petits pains* now) grow fewer and fewer. And yet no soldiers on the streets, no drums, no music, no crowds, for crowds are not permitted. It is a strange, quiet, dull, uncomfortable, mournful place of women and old men.

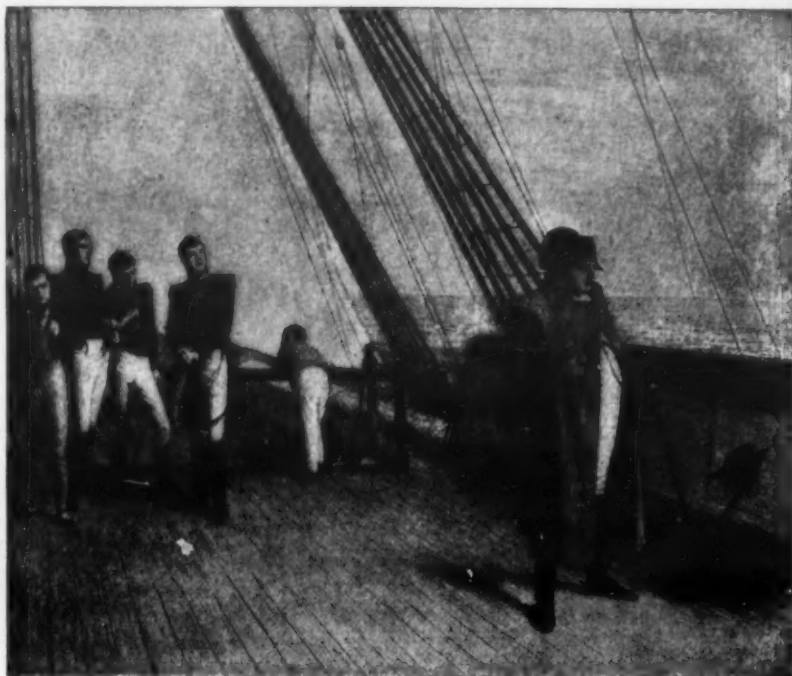
To-day Clementine came to me—I'm in a pension now, the Foyot has closed. "I must go on the fifteenth," she said. "They can't even pay me my thirty francs a month. What shall I do?"

What shall she do, indeed? What will ten thousand mothers, wives, and sisters do? Not even steamerage steaks for them! No need for the police to inspect their bags at the market; no danger of their buying more than they are allowed, getting up and going for it at five-thirty in the morning, to get there before all is sold. The Department of Public Assistance must soon take care of them.

Will They Return Victorious?

WHAT will happen, no one knows. No one will know until the fourteen days of the mobilization are completed, till the autobuses come back from the front, till the old men of France come into Paris to take the places of the young men gone to the army. Then things will settle down, or there will be a new order. All will be arranged, for the war is being run like a business. And meanwhile it rains, rains, rains, rains, rains.

But of one thing every man and every woman of France is certain. We shall not have to wait a year for another "fourteenth of July"—for another more splendid, more glorious Independence Day! The whole civilized world is with us; our fight is the fight for humanity! And when our victorious troops do return there will be a greater feast day than Paris has ever seen—a feast of youth and song, of love and kisses. Yes, I have seen kisses wanton and kisses of despair. What will the kisses be when the youth of France come marching back again, to restore the gaiety of Paris? May I be here to see! *Vive la France!*



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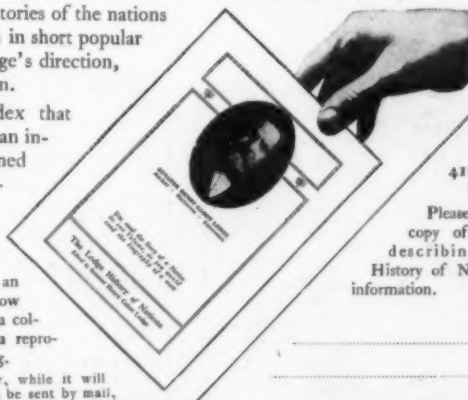
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The Business Man's Opportunity

(Continued from page 17)


plus our own, plus the warring nations' export markets (South America, Oceania, the Orient), is bound to make a strong normal demand, and more, for belting, for packing, for babbitt, for machinery, for parts—the derived demand in this line alone will be felt powerfully at the end of ramifications into a hundred other established industries. I confess I cannot at this moment think of a manufacturing industry that seems likely to miss enough effect of this derived demand to put it below normal.

In fact, it seems to me that we had better keep an eye on our present equipment. I doubt (this is only an opinion and I do not speak with certainty), I seriously doubt, whether it is adequate. Certainly we have no surplus stocks—we have no spare stuff to dump, and we must do some lively going before we get any. Certainly, also, there has been no pressure on production these past two years. I think it very likely, therefore, that in that period there has been no extraordinary outlay on equipment. We know this is true of the railroads and they are usually a pretty good gauge. If I am right

in this conjecture, the machinery manufacturers will realize it in a hurry. In addition to equipment, we ought also to consider the labor market. If America has to care for her European competitors' demands, supply their export market, and look after her own home trade, she will need fully as good a supply of labor, at least, as she is likely to find available.

Changes in Our Labor Market

THERE will be an important cessation of immigration from the war area, and a slight exodus, probably, as well, of aliens with citizenship in the countries involved, going home to join the armies. It seems highly probable to me that as much as 2 per cent of the male working population of the United States, or about 900,000 workers, would be affected by these causes. In this case we will see a great stimulation of the invention and manufacture of automatic machinery. This situation will be helped, too, by the high-price of labor. The reason why the United States has always led in the development of labor-saving machinery is because we have always had to deal with



"He lives down on the river road, in the shabby, weather-beaten house on the left. You can't miss it."

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Randolph Bacon Academy
Piedmont Institute
University School
Racine College School
St. Paul School
Kirklinetown Springs School
University of Notre Dame
Belmont School
Keewatin Academy
Morgan Park Academy

Highland, N. Y.
Front Royal, Va.
Hightstown, N. J.
Chicago, Ill.
Racine, Wis.
Garden City, L. I.
Salisbury, Pa.
Notre Dame, Ind.
Belmont, Cal.
Prairie du Chien, Wis.
Morgan Park, Ill.

Special

Rice Electrical School
Dana's Musical Institute
Indiana Dental College
Tri-State College
Louisville College of Dentistry
N. Y. Homeopathic Medical College
New York State School of Agr.
Illinois College of Photography
Michigan College of Mines
Grand River Institute
Winona College of Agriculture
Detroit College of Law
University of Illinois
Valparaiso University
New England Conservatory of Music
University of Chicago Press
Dickson Memory School
New York Electrical School

Washington, D. C.
Warren, O.
Indianapolis, Ind.
Angola, Ind.
Louisville, Ky.
New York City
Morrisville, N. Y.
Effingham, Ill.
Houghton, Mich.
Austinburg, O.
Winona Lake, Ind.
Detroit, Mich.
Chicago, Ill.
Valparaiso, Ind.
Boston, Mass.
Chicago, Ill.
New York City

Military

Bordentown Military Institute
Ohio Military Institute
Northwestern Military and Naval Academy
Wentworth Military Academy
Culver Military Academy
Tennessee Military Institute
Western Military Academy
St. John's Military Academy
New Mexico Military Institute

Bordentown, N. J.
College Hill, Cin., O.
Lake Geneva, Wis.
Lexington, Mo.
Culver, Ind.
Sweetwater, Tenn.
Alton, Ill.
Delafield, Wis.
Roswell, N. M.

Co-Educational

Thomas Normal Training School
Defiance College
Peirce School
American Col. of Phys. Education

Detroit, Mich.
Defiance, O.
Philadelphia, Pa.
Chicago, Ill.

Girls

Mary Baldwin Seminary

Staunton, Va.

high-priced labor. In countries where labor is cheap the stimulation to economize it is absent. But here, as a result of this war, it seems inevitable that there should be a great deal of new business for machinery manufacturers, and particularly for those who handle devices or services for increasing organization efficiency.

Machinery in Place of Men

THIS condition will be heightened, also, in case there is any considerable exportation of foodstuffs with a consequent expansion of agriculture. This is an added reason—this effect on the labor market—for us to be willing to ship foodstuffs slowly. Industrial wages are always regulated by agricultural wages. There is always a large supply of marginal low-grade labor which will swing into agriculture or swing into industry according to the existing rate of wages. If agricultural wages are higher, the manufacturer will find himself with fewer of this class of labor to depend on, so all the more energetically he must seek the aid of automatic machinery and all the higher he must raise his organization efficiency to make up the deficit. And in his ingenuity and long-practiced ability in this line the American business man has an immense reserve power for the task of handling Europe's largest markets on top of a brisk home trade and in the face of the tight labor market.

The Danger of Losing Our Heads

BUT the American business man's situation, wonderfully favorable as it is, has specific dangers, first of which is perhaps the temptation to overexpansion. We must not get inflated ideas of a permanent market from a situation that is abnormal and temporary and be led to tie up too many of our assets in permanent improvements for handling unusual volumes of business. We must do exactly what we would in any opportunity to increase our sales—study the market, study what demands are coming to this country, determine what share we are individually to get, what the chances are of making that demand permanent, and then go ahead strongly and conservatively on the basis of that knowledge.

bringing ourselves up to a maximum of efficiency in production, distribution, and organization.

Another very serious danger lurking in this situation is the temptation to neglect the good will of normal American customers. It will be very easy for us to be stampeded and lose our heads. As emergency orders come piling in, the pressure of production at temporarily attractive prices may easily lessen our distributing efforts at home. We must remember, first, last, and always, that the long-time market is here, and that the fundamental principle of business wisdom is to serve that market first. Neglect of this policy spells disaster. I can see a \$200,000 emergency order breaking up many a business, and the competitors who didn't get the big order swimming on and swimming through because they kept the good will of their long-time market at home.

Our Permanent Foreign Trade

ALL the emergency demand set up by this war is not going to stay with us, but we can keep a good deal of it by proper management. The war offers an excellent chance to build permanent business relationships where we were heretofore unknown. A great many opportunities in foreign trade will come to us—they must do so, for there is no place else for them to go. Very well—let us try to keep them all. If we do we will lose them all. We have the chance to take our pick. Let us do that. Let us pick out among all these opportunities those which may be made permanent to the best advantage, and then stick close to those. Let us do by them just as their former exporters did in terms of credit, style of goods, packing, shipment, and in every way give them the service they have been accustomed to and as much better as they want and we can make it. This is the way to turn the present emergency to permanent advantage, and by so doing—not trying to do too much, but doing what we undertake a little better than it was done by the foreign business men who preceded us in the market—we will get and permanently hold a very large share of the world's business.

Bealby

(Concluded from page 13)

Across his dominions ran three footpaths, and one of these led to the public elementary school. That he should have to maintain this latter—and if he did not keep it in good order the children spread out and made parallel tracks among his cultivations—seemed to him a thing almost intolerably unjust. He mended it with cinders, acetylene refuse, which he believed and hoped to be thoroughly bad for boots, and a peculiarly slimy, chalky clay, and he put on a board at each end, "Keep to the footpaths, Trespassers will be prosecuted, by Order," which he painted himself to save expense when he was confined indoors by the influenza. Still more unjust it would be, he felt, for him to spend money upon effective fencing, and he could find no fencing cheap enough and ugly enough and painful enough and impossible enough to express his feelings in the matter. Every day the children streamed to and fro, marking how his fruits ripened and his produce became more esculent. And other people pursued these tracks, many, Mr. Benshaw was convinced, went to and fro through his orderly crops who had no business whatever, no honest business, to pass that way. Either, he concluded, they did it to annoy him or they did it to injure him. This continual invasion aroused in Mr. Benshaw all that stern anger against unrighteousness latent in our race which more than any other single force has made America and the Empire what they are to-day. Once already he had been robbed—a raid upon his raspberries—and he felt convinced that at any time he might be robbed again. He had made representations to the local authorities to get the footpath closed, but in vain. They defended themselves with the paltry excuse that the children would then have to go nearly a mile round to the school.

IT was not only the tyranny of these footpaths that offended Mr. Benshaw's highly developed sense of individual property. All round his rather straggling dominions his neighbors displayed an ungenerous indisposition to maintain their fences to his satisfaction. In one or two places, in abandonment of his clear rights

in the matter, he had at his own expense supplemented these lax defenses with light barbed-wire defenses. But it was not a very satisfactory sort of barbed wire. He wanted barbed wire with extra spurs like a fighting cock; he wanted barbed wire that would start out after nightfall and attack passers-by. This boundary trouble was universal; in a way it was worse than the footpaths which after all only affected the Cage Fields where his strawberries grew. Except for the yard and garden walls of Macculum and Schocks and that side, there was not really a satisfactory foot of enclosure all round Mr. Benshaw. On the one side rats and people's dogs and scratching cats came in, on the other side rabbits. The rabbits were intolerable, and recently there had been a rise of nearly thirty per cent in the price of wire netting.

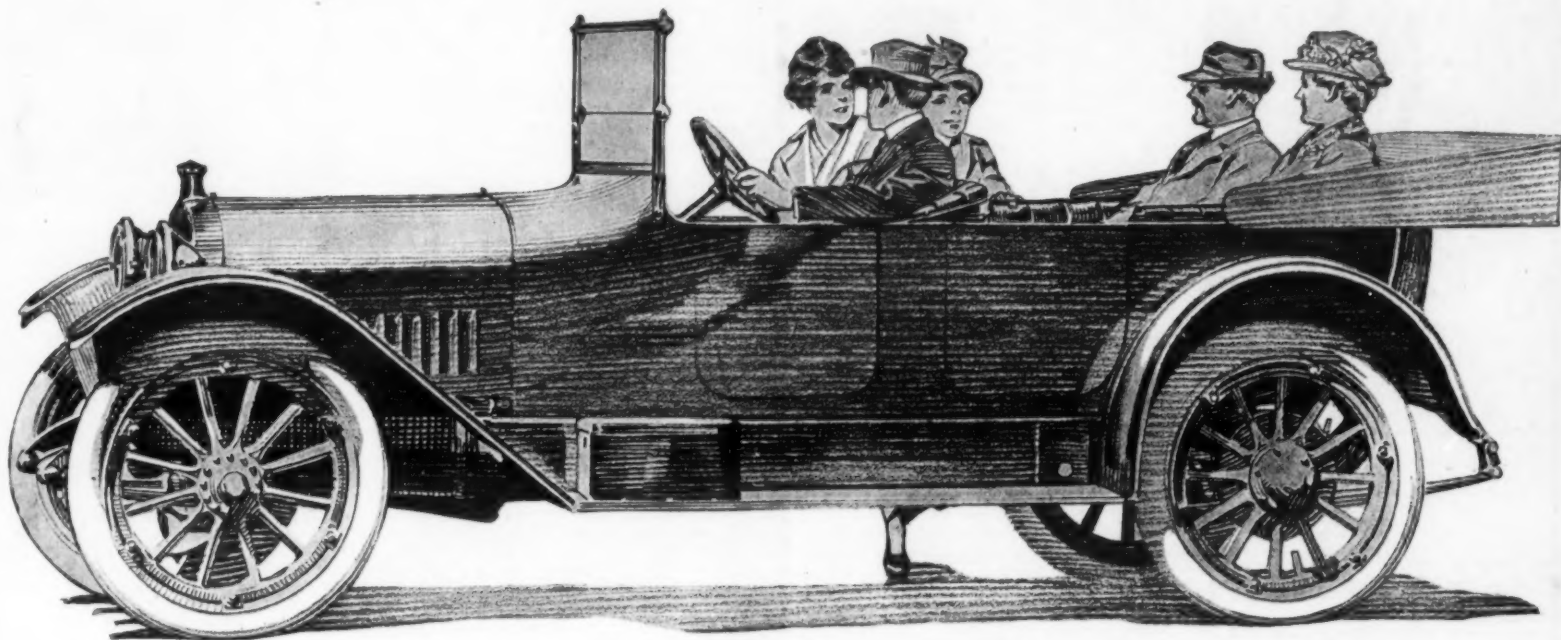
MR. BENSRAW wanted to hurt rabbits; he did not want simply to kill them; he wanted so to kill them as to put the fear of death into the burrows. He wanted to kill them so that scared little furry survivors, with their tails as white as ghosts, would go lolling home and say: "I say, you chaps, we'd better shift out of this. We're up against a Strong, Determined Man. . ."

I have made this lengthy statement of Mr. Benshaw's economic and moral difficulties in order that the reader should understand the peculiar tension that already existed upon this side of Crayminster. It has been necessary to do so now because in a few seconds there will be no further opportunity for such preparations. There had been trouble, I may add very hastily, about the shooting of Mr. Benshaw's gun; a shower of small shot had fallen out of the twilight upon the umbrella and basket of old Mrs. Frobisher. And only a week ago an unsympathetic bench, after a hearing of over an hour and in the face of overwhelming evidence, had refused to convict little Lucy Mumby, aged eleven, of stealing fruit from Mr. Benshaw's fields. She had been caught red-handed. . .

To be Continued Next Week

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Specifications

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Motor, 3 3/8-inch bore by 5 1/2-inch stroke; cylinders cast en bloc, with water jacket space between barrels; valves 1 1/2-inch clear diameter, mushroom tappets, with special shape cams, very quiet; valve spring chamber closed by oil-tight cover, so that contacts are made in an oil bath. New shape combustion chamber, larger valves and larger cylinder bore produce more power. Multiple disc clutch, with thirteen 13-inch plates.

New Type Carburetor

Horizontal type bolted directly to cylinder block. Gas passage between cylinders, so that intake manifold is heated its entire length, assuring complete vaporization of even the heaviest gasoline.

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A system already highly efficient made still better. Pressure feed from fly-wheel to main bearings and connecting rod bearings; cylinder walls lubricated by mist from crankshaft.

Modern Ignition

Ignition from storage battery, with automatic spark advance. Type rapidly being adopted by progressive engineers.

Single Unit Electrical System

Generator and starting motor combined, driven by silent chain from front end of crankshaft. Supplies cur-

rent for starting, ignition and lighting. Makes motor non-stallable. Westinghouse 12-volt system.

Longer Wheelbase; More Room

Wheelbase, 119 inches; tires, 34 by 4 inches. Roomy five-passenger body; 2 inches more leg-room in front, 7 inches more in tonneau; full tufted upholstery; concealed door hinges, flush handles. Front springs, 37 inches long, practically flat; rear springs, semi-elliptic, 52 inches long, swung under axle; springs self-oiling. Brakes, 14 inches in diameter.

Left Steer, Center Control

Steering wheel at left; gear change and hand brake levers at driver's right.



Complete with electric starter and lights, demountable rims, oversize tires, 33x4; tire carrier at rear. With regular equipment of top, windshield, gas lamps, etc., but without special equipment noted above, \$950. Prices, f.o.b. Detroit. Price in Canada, \$1230, f.o.b. Windsor, including electrical and other special equipment noted above.

Model 32

\$1050

Speedometer, starting and lighting switches mounted flush in center of cowl board. Speedometer drive from transmission.

Non-Glare Dimmer Headlights

Hupmobile design. Upper half of headlight glass corrugated. Kills reflector glare, complying with many city ordinances and giving full illumination on road. One bulb in headlights, dimmed at will through resistance in switch. No side-lamps.

Equipment and Other Details

16-gallon gasoline tank in cowl; rain-vision windshield, fixed uprights, lower half adjustable for ventilation. One-man type top, attached to windshield. Crowned fenders, with flat edge and without beading. Tail lamp exclusive Hupmobile design, illuminates license plate and entire width of road for considerable distance behind car. Non-skid tires on rear; demountable rims; carrier at rear for spare rim and tire. Lighting and ignition switches controlled by Yale locks. Speedometer. Robe rail, foot rail and cocoa mat in tonneau. Color: blue-black with maroon running gear.

Price, f. o. b. Detroit, includes complete equipment.

Price in Canada \$1400, f. o. b. Windsor, with complete equipment.

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More room
Improved body
Improved upholstery
More power
Larger bore
Larger valves
Better carburetion
Improved combustion chamber
Special quiet cams
Valve tappets operating in oil
Improved motor lubrication
13 clutch plates
Intake manifold water jacketed
New type radiator
Improved steering
Easier clutch operation
Improved starting and lighting
Non-stallable motor
Improved ignition
Left drive
Larger pedal pads
Rear springs semi-elliptic
Longer front springs
Springs self-lubricating
Larger wheels
Larger gasoline tank
One-man type top
New windshield
Transmission speedometer drive
Lock on ignition and lighting switches
Automatic spark advance
Throttle lever on steering wheel
Ignition and lighting switches on cowl board
Exclusive non-glare dimmer headlights
Exclusive design tail light
Improved axle shaft and hub connection
Non-skid rear tires
Illuminated speedometer
Linoleum-covered running boards
New style top cover
New side curtains to swing open with doors
Crowned fenders
Heavier flywheel
14-inch brakes
Concealed hinges
Flush door handles inside

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From Daybreak to Breakfast

(Concluded from page 11)

much thus: Delano say that Honorable Al Cornell has come back—oh, shy, and to pick out some good clothes—good clothes—and give you in haste—no time—quick fit guess at—many question some other day. Bring all—shoes, shirt, hat—to new building up street in one half hour. Hustle!" The last word came out by itself—dynamic. "Hey, Brockett!"

Brockett entered the alcove as Togo hurried away. He surveyed the two—then glanced at the prostrate figure.

"Yes, dear Brockett, pray attend," put in Welsh with earnestness, "we don't know exactly what we're doing, my young friend and I, but—" Delano interrupted, indicating the dirty heap of flotsam with his patent-leather toe.

"Brockett," he said, "that's Al Cornell—our Uncle Al!"

In his turn the bartender lowered his bulky figure to make sure. Rising, he scratched his head.

"You're right," he said simply; "say, I'm sorry I didn't recognize him last night. He slipped in when I first came on and I sold him two quarts of booze. I wasn't noticing—took him for an ordinary 'bo. Reckon he got around both quarts. If I'd a spotted him—"

"Just as well," broke in Delano, "he'd 've landed it anyway. As it is, we're probably the only ones who are wise to his being in town. And Al is going to be one of these fellows who come back. You'll see him do it."

"If one might ask details," murmured Welsh; "not expressing doubt, you know—"

Delano turned with sparkling eyes. "Details!" he cried. "Don't you get the idea yet? There isn't a soul on the street at this hour. Our style of people have just turned in—the other sort aren't up. And Step-and-a-Half always disappears at ten."

"Don't speak lightly of our police force," begged Welsh; "he has the rheumatism and the night air is awful bad for it. He told me so himself."

There came a noise at the door. "Cart at gate," advised Togo, beaming at them.

"Good enough!" approved Delano. "I'm glad you came around that way. Hurry, fellows! Everybody lift a pound and we'll soon have the old scout in his carriage. Hike-O, Togo-It, and get your junk together. Twenty minutes to travel on. Brockett, hand me that old horse blanket from behind Simon's desk. We'll put it over him. Gentlemen all—Simon'll be glad! If anybody should meet you, Welsh, you can say that you're moving—cheaper to move in the small hours than to pay rent. Brockett, cheer up. You're no pallbearer. This is a different proposition. Your white is in perfect accord."

THEY were out of the gate by now, and the helpless one, safely in his cart. Brockett was wiping a purple face on a snowy apron.

"What's that you said?" gurgled Welsh in a horrified whisper. "You don't mean that I'm to push this cart up the street?"

"Not at all, not at all," soothed Delano. "Straight up this alley—that's two-thirds of the way—then down to the corner and there you are. I'll be on the spot almost as soon as you."

"Quitter!" accused Welsh. "For why don't you lend a hand, you blamed one-man Sunshine Club?"

"Perhaps it is nothing," retorted Delano with justifiable indignation, "perhaps it is nothing to rout out our conservative Real Estate and Loans, old Benight, grouch and sulks and all; and tickle him with his lost treasure until he signs a three year lease to that cigar stand and hands over the key. I bet he spits at me like a cross kitty at first. But, however he hates the sight of me—oh, such beautiful yellow money! He'll succumb, never fear. The quicker in that I'm going to give him the balance of

what I took from him as a bonus for swift action. He won't let that get by. On the side, I'll have squared up that piker trick; but that's a detail. This is going to be a fairy tale for true. Uncle Al will wake up just where he left off before the fire. It's too bad he can't have a bath—"

"Oh, I daresay I can attend to that, if you wish," interrupted Welsh bitterly, as he poised the handle of the cart preparatory to starting; "anything in the line of duty."

"Don't get smart," counseled Delano. "After we unload him in his new location and Togo-It is at work you can race back and Brockett'll load you up with Simon's extra stock of cigars. There'll be enough to make a showing. We'll put his copy of the lease in his pocket with a small roll to start on and the key to the shebang to keep it company—then pull the door shut. But for Heaven's sake, stow your gab and drive along. See that light beyond the sand hills? Night's about done."

IT was eight in the morning. The sun was glaring hotly on the white alkali of the unpaved street, giving fair warning of greater savagery at noon. Al Cornell was slowly wiping the top of a show case with a new chamouis skin.

The show case formed part of the front wall of a shallow niche abutting on a street corner. At intervals the little man would pause and peer wonderingly, almost tenderly at the boxes of cigars in the cases, mystification in his kindly, haggard eyes. After a time he left the shining, speckless glass and, sitting upon the edge of a narrow cot behind and almost out of sight, unfolded a crackling paper on his knees, reading it and the attached receipt for the tenth time. While reading, he absently fingered a moist twist of bills with one hand and smoothed the silver gray hair on his temples with the other. A rain-

drop, miraculous in view of the ceiling overhead, splashed on the paper.

"It couldn't be anyone else," he whispered. "There's not another soul in this whole God's country would take the trouble—but it's just the way he'd go about it. Don't I remember other times—I can't ever tell him—how I feel—he's not that kind— But I can do one thing—I'll always have a box of Sargassos ready and waiting—out of sight—just for him— Maybe he'll know by that—I think he'll know—"

He wiped his eyes hastily on a very new coat sleeve at the sharp metallic rap of a coin on the glass.

"Mornin' friend," said Delano glumly.

"What'll you smoke, Welsh?"

"Give me one of them," said Welsh. "Fair looking lady on the box cover, even if she has poor taste as to tints. These cigars are all alike, though—hum."

"You ought to stock up, Al," reproved Delano, as he helped himself liberally; "get some good brands. Why not?"

"I'm—I'm going to—" hesitated the object of criticism. "Delano—Delano—I'll have some Sargassos for you—for you—" He stopped short. Delano eyed him keenly.

"You're looking fagged," he said. "Pull your door shut and come over and have a drink."

The gray-haired man on the other side of the show case looked down the road to where a diminutive whirlwind was scooping a spiral of white dust into the clear air. "No," he said quietly. "I'm on the wagon for good, boys. It's all right. I don't know—guess I didn't sleep very well. I—I had—a bad dream."

"So did I," chimed in Welsh; "the darndest dream! Thought I was pushing a handcart up a dark alley!"

"Oh, dry up!" broke in Delano roughly. "Let's go to breakfast. So long, Al."

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(Printers' Ink—Aug. 12, 1914.)

Mandy's Methods

(Concluded from page 10)

"Um—ugh," he repeated more encouragingly, for he clung to the pleasing idea of the "comp'ny" to his declining years. "Well," he concluded as he whipped up "ole Moll," "I 'low we might's well git it over with to-day so we won't have to come to town agin a-purpose. We'll go to a justice o' pence—what say? My name's Tweester."

"Well, I don't know," Mandy reconsidered, carefully touching a red wax bend to see if the heat was melting out its color. "I don't know—ye got yer life assured?"

"Why—er—no, madam," Tweester answered with some asperity, suspicion dampening his enthusiasm; he warily asked: "Did yer other man—all them others—did they have their lives insured?"

Mandy returned with a withering look, and innocently exclaimed:

"Their lives insured! Do ye think I'd be so uncommon piticlar about the next un if they'd amounted to enough to 'a' kep' their remainin's out o' the potter's field and not 'a' left their widders an' children papers?"

SHE allowed her indignation a moment's time to cool before explaining:

"You see I'm fair to middlin' young, and you are older. The chances is that if I marry ye I'll be a widdler agin! An' fer jus' that there reason you kin see to ut that ye don't leave me a-crawl' out o' the little end o' the horn agin."

Tweester nodded his sympathy, but only shuffled his feet and urged "ole Moll" on by a click of the lines across her back. Mandy caught the silent sympathy and pulling at his shabby coat sleeve smiled up at him.

"Will ye do that fer me? Will ye? It's only a-askin' to be kep' out o' the poor-house when ye're gone. It's that, er ye don't git me!"

"Waal," he drawled at length, "bein's ye're sot on havin' it thataway, I promise."

"You'll have it all did 'fore we git married?"

"I'll have it all drawed up 'fore we drive back hum."

"We—el, guess that'll do," consented Mandy, although not quite satisfied with waiting. "You kin drive to the justice o' pence, then."

When they finally reached the city, he bought her a bridal bonnet and white slippers and they were married. They spent one long, sunny summer day sight-seeing in the city, and Mandy remarked, as she blew out the gas at the hotel that night:

"Well, John Tweester, this here's bin the splenddest weddin' tower I ever had!" And the bridegroom was so gratified that he did not notice she had blown out the gas.

THE next morning Mandy was miraculously brought to life, but she returned to Jonathan Creek wearing widow's weeds and a crêpe veil draped from the silver blue bridal bonnet with its red roses and wheat trimming. She drove back alone with the shambly horse and rattly carriage. She felt like to burst with a great lump of importance which grew larger and larger as, nearing home, she dwelt upon the sensation which she was about to usher into the dead little town. The bitter pill of being again a "widdler" was sweet-coated—"looket what a noted woman it's made o' me," she reflected as she jogged along. "I've brung fame to Jonathan Creek; writ up with big headin's about a fair bride a-blowin' out the light. Wisht I'd knowed it was so dangerous, though, I'd 'a' yanked the hul thing right off an' throwed it out the winder." Her mind again reverted to the advantages she was bringing into her native town. "Fame, yes, an' wealth—fine horse and carriage, an' ten dollars left out o' the price o' the fun'ral. And these" (most important of all), "these cloze; couldn't find a higher pricer bunnit in the country." She urged the horse to a faster trot, impatient to be the object of the town's curiosity—and envy. When she finally sauntered the nag through Jonathan Creek's main thoroughfare, it was with a feeling of triumph, a supercilious pride over those who had always looked down on her.

She felt rich in her newly acquired possessions: the horse, the carriage, the ten dollars, and her mind didn't wander long

from the silver blue wedding bonnet with the mourning veil.

Retaliation was sweet; when the blacksmith at the edge of town casually looked up as she passed, Mandy's head tilted upward and she saw him not. But she listened. The musical clang of the anvil ceased and she heard low voices, and out of the tall of her eye glimpsed men gesticulating mysteriously, taking minute inventory of "the wealth" as she paraded slowly. Bill Brown looked absently out of his store door; he stumbled over loose warped boards as he ran to rouse the barkeeper in the next building.

"Abe—by gum—come quick, here comes the widdler bride! Call yer ole woman!"

Evidently they had read the city papers and were expecting something unusual. Mandy stoically moved down the gathering line, her head firmly supported by the thought of that three-columned newspaper article "with my new name, Mis' Tweester, all mixed in and my picter!"

No one ventured the customary condescending "Hello, Mandy," and she passed on confirmed in her own importance. When the six descendants sighted the turnout, they made one mad, screaming, fighting race to reach the "widdler bride," Menorie-Ann, gaining on Marg'et-Selener—was rudely grabbed after and thrust sprawling into the dust to be stumbled over by Hannah-Melissie. The two scrambled up, Menorie-Ann losing no time, but Hannah-Melissie waited to catch up the crying Emmie-Violle, and swung her along at a pace so swift that she only touched the ground with her little toes.

JOHN-HARKLESS had reached the horse and sat astride its back. Patience-Amandy had reached the bonnet.

"Say, maw," she breathlessly exclaimed, "who give 'em to ye? They bin talkin' a awful lot 'bout ye, maw. Say, did ye git us a new paw what went an' died? Say them looks jus' like roses. What's this piece o' black stuff on fer? Hain't this here a whackin' fine wagon though! That wheat looks like reel too. Say, maw, wasn't 'er nothin' in new paw's pockets what'd bin nice to 'a' brung to us?"

The horse had stopped, its nose to the ground, fatigued and thirsty.

Menorie-Ann was clinging to the wheels, Hannah-Melissie tumbled the baby in, and managed to pull herself in after her.

"Oh—oh, looket maw!"

"Looket maw's white slippers!"

"Whatcher bring us—whatcher bring us?"

"Kin we have this here buggy to play in, huh?"

"Can't we play with the horse, too—oo?"

"Oh, maw, there ain't no ghost of a steppin' paw what's gona stan' at our bed in the nighttime, is ther, if we ain't good? That's what Zek Ryan says."

"Say, maw, you look like the circus lady what rid in the chariot with a flyin' thing a-hangin' to her bunnet, only hern wasn't black."

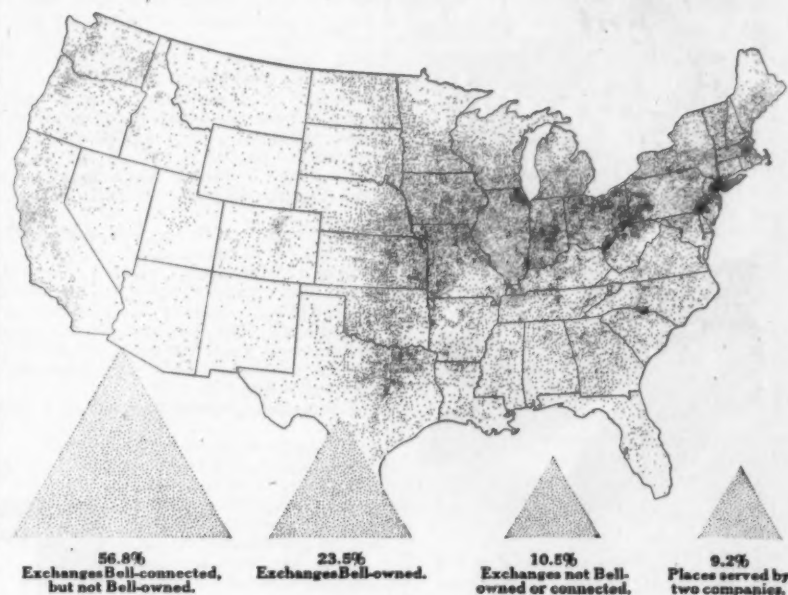
Little seven-year-old Hannah-Melissie saw none of these striking features; crowding close, and closing her little hand around her mother's finger, she searched—and found—the heart of the woman.

"Maw, ye ain't feelin' bad, are ye? Maybe anyhow, 'fore winter comes agin you can find another man. Even if ye don't"—with a heroic gulp—"the neighbors'll keep us an' give us hoods an' thick cloze, maybe. Don't you go feelin' bad, anyways." The little hand stole up under the wonderful bonnet and affectionately smoothed back the straggly locks under its lacy brim.

MANDY'S tears blurred out everything but her children. But Mandy had a courage worthy of a heroine.

"Yas," she answered, patting Hannah-Melissie as she wiped her eyes. "Yas, 'bout six months more 'fore zero time's 'nough. B'lieve I'll kill a chicken fer supper and go over to Bill's and git some o' them there pink frosted ginger cookies fer the younguns. My, won't they think we're rich! Hain't nobody gona ketch me a-squallin' over split milk. Six more months 'fore zero, an' that's long 'nough to git a man in if I could only persuade 'em to live. Now, the first thing, I gotta go to work and hunt up that there coffepot."

What the Telephone Map Shows



EVERY dot on the map marks a town where there is a telephone exchange, the same sized dot being used for a large city as for a small village. Some of these exchanges are owned by the Associated Bell companies and some by independent companies. Where joined together in one system they meet the needs of each community and, with their suburban lines, reach 70,000 places and over 8,000,000 subscribers.

The pyramids show that only a minority of the exchanges are Bell-owned, and that the greater majority of the exchanges are owned by independent companies and connected with the Bell System.

At comparatively few points are there two telephone companies, and there are comparatively few exchanges, chiefly rural, which do not have outside connections.

The recent agreement between the Attorney General of the United States and the Bell System will facilitate connections between all telephone subscribers regardless of who owns the exchanges.

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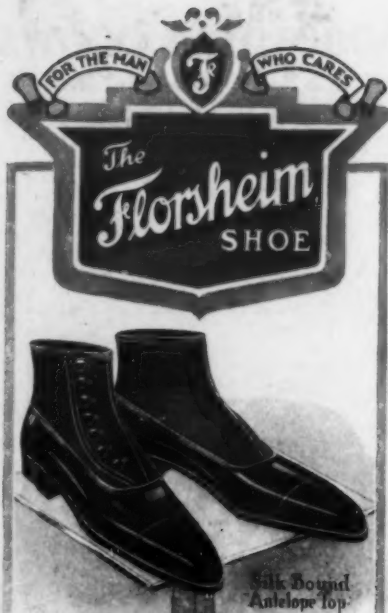
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it pursued him. As soon as the collie had a fighting hold on it, he began to yell shrilly: "Here, you! Lea' me alone! Here! Leggo, will you? Here! you! Call off yer dog!" He pulled, and the dog pulled, backing into the gate; and when a man came running from the house to see what was the matter, the case against the dog needed no telling. "Leggo my coat," Barney was panting. "I'll kick yer head off! Leggo, will you! Leggo!"

THE man was Barney's suspect, without his Panama hat.

"Collin!" he cried. "Collin! Stop it, sir!" He caught the dog by the collar and cuffed it. Barney dropped his end of the coat. The man got it away from the dog as a woman ran out in a kitchen apron, calling: "What has happened, Charles? What is it?"

He replied: "Collin has attacked this boy."

"What for? What was he doing?" "Search me," Barney answered. "He didn't say a word. He just jumped out an' grabbed me, an' I dodged, an' he got the coat."

The dog was barking protestingly, but he could not make himself understood.

"Bad dog!" the woman scolded him. "Go in the house, sir. You bad dog, you. Did he tear it?"

"I guess so," Barney said. "I heard it rip."

"Give it to me. I'll mend it. Oh, you bad dog. How dare you!" She took the coat and turned back to the house with it, driving the crest-fallen dog before her.

"I hope he hasn't spoiled your coat," the man apologized. "I never knew him to do such a thing before." He added suspiciously: "I could have sworn he wouldn't attack anyone—unless he was badly provoked."

"That's all right," Barney said. "If I'd seen him first he wouldn't 'a' got me. I didn't notice him in the dark."

"What were you doing?" "Mindin' my own business."

"Do you live around here?"

"Nope."

THE man was scrutinizing him as well as he could in the faint moonlight, and Barney's manner resented the scrutiny.

"Where are you from?" Barney did not answer.

"You're not a country boy."

"Never mind about me," Barney said.

"Gi' me the coat an' I'll get along."

"You're from the city, aren't you?"

"What city?"

"New York."

Barney looked down at his feet, kicked at a tuft of grass in the path, and did not reply.

"What are you doing away out here?"

"Answerin' questions."

The man laughed. "What's the matter? Have you run away from home?"

"That's all right," Barney said. "I can take care o' myself. If you'll gi' me a glass o' milk er somethin', I'll call it square."

"There's a town just over the hill. Got any money?"

"Sure. I'm a millionaire. I'll split some wood fer you, if you'll gi' me some bread and butter."

"All the wood's split." He went down into his pocket and drew out a quarter.

BARNEY took it ungraciously. "What's the matter? Runnin' some sort o' joint in here?"

"What do you mean?"

"Well, first you got a dog that tries to chew me up, 'cause I come past the gate. An' then you stand me off fer a bite to eat, like you was afraid to—"

"Not at all," the man said hastily.

"Come along. We can give you something to eat anyway." He started up the path and Barney followed him grudgingly.

"Sorry if I didn't seem quite hospitable," he said in an attempt at jocular-

Barney Has a Hunch

(Continued from page 8)

ity. "We haven't any servant just at present, and my wife has to do the cooking. Sit down on the veranda here, till I speak to her."

"I only wanted some bread and butter—an' somethin' to drink."

"All right. Make yourself comfortable." He waved his hand at a wicker chair and a hickory rocker on the veranda. Barney chose the wicker chair.

There were no lights in this wing of the house, which overlooked the road. The only light that Barney had seen was shining on a bush from a distant window where some one was evidently busy in the kitchen; he could hear an occasional clatter of plates. Between him and the lighted window, the whole house was dark, but he did not know who might be watching him from that darkness, so he kept his eyes off of it, and settled himself wearily in the easy-chair, and put his

rested and sentenced to the Reform School, but his sentence was suspended on condition that he gave up his "bumming" and remained at home. When he could endure it no longer he fled again, but this time, to escape the New York police, he went tramping, and Hudson Street heard no more of him.

BARNEY'S manner accepted such a father as a natural fact of life, without any emotional embellishment or indignant comment. The woman put down her sewing and poured him another cup of tea and eyed him in silent pity. She was a capable-looking young housewife, of a prettily maternal aspect, and Barney's face and hands needed washing.

The man showed his sympathy by asking: "What do you intend to do? How do you expect to make a living?"

"Search me," Barney said. "I'll strike a town somewhere an' sell papers er shine shoes, I guess."

The collie dog sat watching him distrustfully until he shared a slice of

bread with it. He did so with the secret thought that he would have to "get next" to that dog if he was to do any sleuthing on the premises; but he was aware of the glance that the couple exchanged when they saw him so forgive his enemy out of a natural kindness of heart. The dog seemed less touched than they.

The man asked: "Where are you going to spend the night?"

Barney answered: "I thought maybe you'd let me bunk in yer hayloft."

He looked doubtfully at his wife. "We haven't any hayloft," he said.

She put in: "He could have the maid's room—over the kitchen. I'll make it up."

She left them. After a moment's silence the man followed her. And when they were gone Barney turned to make a face, tauntingly, at the dog.

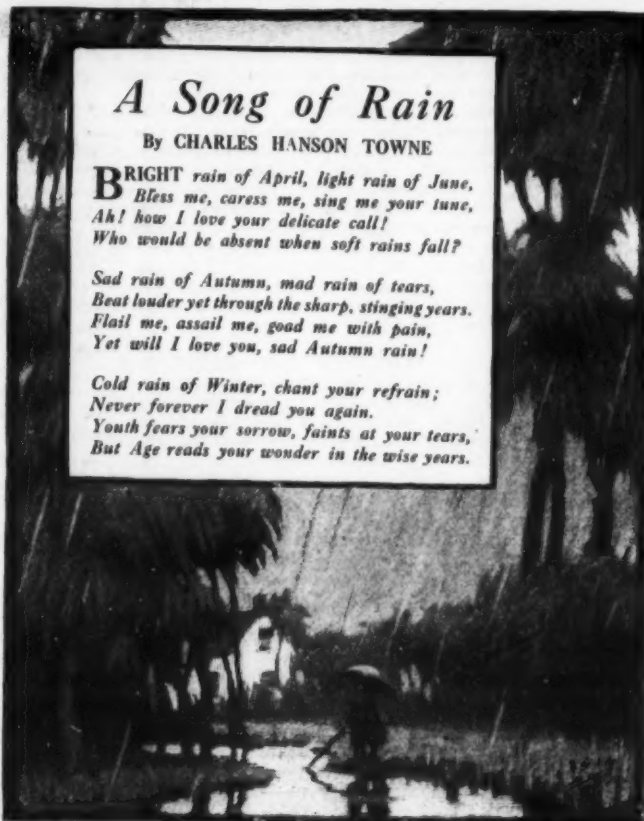
He was sure, from their manner, that there was some concealment of guilt in the house, and he was satisfied that he could find out what it was before morning if they let him spend the night under their roof.

WHEN they returned he was apparently half asleep again, and he mumbled a prompt acceptance of the woman's proposal that he should go to bed at once. She led him around the front of the house to the kitchen porch, and the kitchen light was still the only one to be seen. Of the kitchen itself he looked only at the doors. One that was closed evidently led to the dining room and the rest of the house; one that was open showed the stairs to the upper floor; a third was the back door to the yard; a fourth, under the staircase, might be the door of a pantry.

She lighted a candle and ushered him upstairs to a tiny room that had a sloping ceiling, a single window in the gable end, and no door except the door to the stairs. At that side of the room in which there should have been a door communicating with the other rooms of the upper floor, there was a blank partition wall of rough plaster. It was a satisfactory arrangement for isolating a servant from the family privacies in a small house, but it did not appeal to Barney. He had counted on being able, from the upper hall, to spy on whatever was being done below stairs.

THE room was bare and clean, with no furniture but an iron cot, a kitchen chair, a sort of camp washstand, and a little dresser. "I'm afraid we haven't any night clothes that will fit you," she said, putting down the candle.

Barney replied ungraciously: "I'd be asleep 'fore I could get into 'em anyway." He did not wish to encourage her in any sc. tude concerning him; it might prove embarrassing if she came back to see that he was sleeping comfortably. He sat down on the side of the bed and began to unlace his shoes. She accepted her dismissal. "Good



A Song of Rain

By CHARLES HANSON TOWNE

BRIGHT rain of April, light rain of June,
Bless me, caress me, sing me your tune,
Ah! how I love your delicate call!
Who would be absent when soft rains fall?

Sad rain of Autumn, mad rain of tears,
Beat louder yet through the sharp, stinging years.
Flail me, assail me, goad me with pain,
Yet will I love you, sad Autumn rain!

Cold rain of Winter, chant your refrain;
Never forever I dread you again.
Youth fears your sorrow, faints at your tears,
But Age reads your wonder in the wise years.

night," she said. "We have breakfast about seven. I'll call you."

He mumbled "G'night." He dropped his shoe heavily on the floor as she descended, and though she closed the door at the foot of the stairs, and he could not hear her in the kitchen, he dropped the other shoe as noisily when he got it off. Then he stripped to his undershirt and trousers, blew out the light, threw himself heavily on the bed in the hope that its creaking would be audible, and lay on his back, listening.

HE listened and listened, but he could hear nothing except the incessant strident drone of insect mechanisms out of doors.

He sat up to look out of the window, and there was nothing to be seen but leaves and moonlight.

He crawled to the sill in the hope that there might be the roof of a lean-to below the window. There was none. And the moon was so bright that he could not have climbed out with any safety in any case. And there would be the dog to betray him even if there had been no moon.

He got his little electric lamp from his hip pocket and tiptoed to the stairs. A cautious flash showed him the door below him. He descended in the darkness with infinite precautions, waiting and listening after every movement. There was no sound from the kitchen. And when he had lifted the latch and opened the door an inch or two there was no light to be seen except the moonlight, that came through the kitchen windows. He shut the door behind him, to leave no evidence of his passage in case his retreat was intercepted and he had to hide downstairs. He moved inch by inch toward the closed door of the dining room. He saw a faint crack of light beneath it.

THEY were in there then. If he could get that door open, perhaps he could hear them. He approached it stealthily. He raised his hand to the latch. A low growl checked him.

It was the dog, in the dining room. It had scented him. It began to bark. Some one called to it from the other end of the house, and Barney fled.

But he did not flee upstairs; that would have been a final confession of failure. He made for the pantry door that he had noticed—intending to hide until the alarm had subsided—and when he plucked the door open he found himself at the head of cellar steps. He went down them swiftly by the light of the pocket lamp and stood waiting at the bottom, in the darkness, looking up, listening breathlessly, ready to retreat further if he heard anyone coming. He was enjoying it like a game. In case he was caught he had a story ready, to the effect that he had been too hungry to sleep, so he had sneaked downstairs to smouch something from the pantry.

In the cool underground silence he found that not only could he hear the growling dog as clearly as before, but he could hear much more clearly the distant voice calling: "Be quiet, sir! Be quiet! What has got into that dog to-night?"

HE flashed a furtive light around him; he was in a little food cellar of hanging shelves and larder cupboards. He saw an open door that led through a stone foundation wall into another part of the basement. And it was from this direction that the muffled, angry voice seemed to come.

He sneaked to that door as softly as a cat, barefooted on the cement floor. The dog was quiet again. In the doorway he could hear a distinguishable murmur of several voices sounding through the thin floor above and ahead of him. He stood there, grinning to himself in the darkness, at the end of his hunt.

He had them. It was a man and two women, and he could hear them distinctly when he had picked his way to the farther end of the cellar, across the clutter of lumber and garden tools and packing cases and discarded furniture—miserable the

flashes of his lantern for fear some cellar window might betray a sight of him. And the first words that he heard connectedly gave him the solution of the Baxter mystery.

"But, my dear Bessie," the man was arguing, "if your father got your letter, why should he offer this reward? There's no sense in it. He can't have got it."

A girlish voice answered: "Yes. He did. I know why he's doing it, but I can't explain without being unfair to dad."

The woman murmured something reproachfully. The man began to move, heavy footed, around the room. "Did you tell him where you were?"

"No. I simply told him not to worry about me—that I'd be all right."

"Well, if he got the letter he's concealing it from the detectives, isn't he?"

"I suppose so. Yes."

THE man sat down with a bump. "I suppose you know what you're doing, but I'll be hanged if I can see any sense in it. I'm not thinking of myself, but if you're found here—"

"Well," she said, "I'll go somewhere else then."

There were confused words of remonstrance, of angrily apologetic explanation and self-defense, of affectionate reassurance. Out of it all the girl's voice rose impatiently: "Well, dad's doing it to deceive Mr. Huntley. That's why he's doing it. He's in a—he's in trouble—money troubles. And he couldn't refuse his consent to our marriage—to Mr. Huntley. And I couldn't refuse to marry him either—without making it worse for dad. That's why I got engaged to him in the first place—to get him to help dad. And don't you think dad tried to force me to, either—or even asked me to—for he didn't. And when I saw he wasn't going to help dad till after we'd be married—and he wouldn't help him at all if I backed out of it—I—well, I disappeared. And dad's just pretending he thinks I've been kidnaped, so as to hold Huntley. And Huntley's paying the detectives and all the rest of it. People think we're rich, but dad's lost everything,

and spoil it all, he started back to his room on tiptoe, holding his breath.

THAT fear did not leave him till he had regained his room safely. There he allowed himself only an excited chuckle as he slipped off his trousers and hopped into bed in his undershirt. He gave his pillow a jubilant thump and butted his head down into it, hugging himself. Wait till he saw the boss! Then he lay perfectly still, curled up in the cool sheets with his secret, smiling ecstatically. He could go downstairs in the morning and eat his breakfast in all innocence, and say good-by without letting them suspect anything, and slouch off up the road with his coat over his shoulder, on his travels again. And as soon as he was out of their sight he would "beat it" to Findellen, catch the first train to New York, and come dawdling nonchalantly into the Babbling Bureau to report to the boss that he had found Elizabeth Baxter!

He fell asleep while he was dramatizing that scene with Babbling—after he had worked Babbling up to such heights of admiration of his cleverness that the scene was already too heart-tickling to be anything but a dream itself.

IN the morning everything happened very much as he had planned. After breakfasting in the kitchen he got away without betraying himself to anyone but the dog, at whom he winked triumphantly as he departed. He made short work of the road to Findellen, thanks to a passing farm wagon that gave him a lift. He arrived at the railroad station only a few minutes before a train full of commuters returning to New York for their day's work. And when he looked from the bow of the ferryboat at the sky line of the city he found it quite as he had pictured it, except that it showed no excited appreciation of the change that had come, overnight, to the status of the Baxter case.

His interview with Babbling was the only event that did not work out as he had expected. Babbling was walking up and down his private office thoughtfully when Barney entered to see him. He asked at once: "Where have you been?" but without looking at Barney and without stopping in his walk.

Barney closed the door. "I been searchin' fer this Elizabeth Baxter—an' I found her."

Babbling continued with his thoughts. It was some time before he asked, almost absent-mindedly: "Where?"

"Out near a place called Findellen, livin' with some folks she knows."

"What took you out there?" Barney described his expedition from the moment that he had sold a newspaper to the man in the Panama hat, down to the successful issue of his adventure, when he had stood in the cellar of the bungalow and heard Elizabeth Baxter overhead. Babbling seated himself at his desk in his swivel chair, but he turned aside from Barney with his eyes on the window noncommittally. Barney, standing before the desk, with a hand on a chair back, like a boy before his teacher, went from assured eagerness to uneasy apprehension as he talked. He looked anxiously at Babbling's plump, inscrutable profile when he had finished. There seemed to be something wrong.

BABBLING asked: "What do you mean by 'a hunch'?"

"Well, gee," Barney said, "the minute I saw that guy readin' the paper I knew he was wise to somethin'—"

"You knew it? How?"

"I—don't know. I guessed he was."

"What were you doing when he came up to you?"

"Watchin' fer the Brooklyn fellow."

"What were you thinking about?"

"I—I dunno."

"As a matter of fact, you weren't thinking of anything, were you? Mind perfectly blank?"

Barney did not answer, and Babbling wheeled around in the chair to face him. As their eyes met, Barney turned pale.

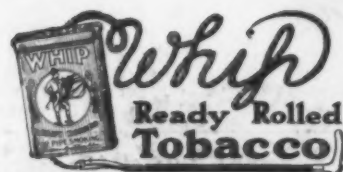
"Got another hunch, have you?" Babbling said fiercely.



"Why is it that each prefers Another's to his own?"—Horace.

and we haven't a cent, and unless Mr. Huntley helps him through with this scheme of his I don't know what will become of him."

SHE had begun to sob, and the conversation became an incoherent jumble of voices, consoling her, sympathizing with her, reassuring her. Barney did not wait to hear it out. He had heard enough to satisfy himself. It was Elizabeth Baxter. She was hiding there. And overcome with a superstitious fear that now, at the very moment of success, something might happen to betray him



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Agents Hurry—Something New. Sanitary Telephone device. Millions will be sold. Steel Corporation bought 1200. Sells itself. Splendid profit. Write today for territory. Phonotone Co., 550 Naaby Bldg., Toledo, O.

Manager In Every City To Supply Automobile owners and the trade with "Kor-Ker" Puncture Cure. Large Profits. Must finance orders. Unusual proposition. Puncture Cure Sales Co., 30 Bridge St., Newark, N. J.

Agents Wanted. Best Paying Agency Proposition in U. S. If you are making less than \$250 monthly, write and let us show you how to make more. Novelty Cutlery Co., 40 Bar St., Canton, Ohio.

Agents Wanted

Agents!! Will You Take A Steady Job Paying regular Weekly income to start if we give you a chance to work up to Big Yearly Profits? No experience required! Great Crew Manager's proposition! We are big Manufacturers. Middlemen's profits saved! Write quick for Exclusive Territory. Need 150 men at once. E. M. Davis, Pres., R 61 Davis Block, Chicago, Illinois.

The Fuller Duster Mop And Furniture Duster are advertised in leading magazines. We need live representatives for unoccupied territory. These articles contain exclusive features. Write for Our Special proposition. Fuller Brush Co., 31 Hoadley Place, Hartford, Conn. Western Branch: Rock Island, Ill.

Agents! A Chance To Make Big Money. All or spare time. "Try-it-before-you-buy-it" plan, sells Climax Automatic Razor Sharpener to every man. Unusual profits. Write for exclusive territory and guaranteed sales proposition. Victor Specialty Co., 18 Victor Bldg., Canton, Ohio.

Agents To Handle Exclusively Or As Side Line our Accident and Health Policies, for \$6 yearly, which pay \$2500 Death and \$15 weekly for injury or sickness. Sells to men and women. Ages 16 to 70. Double amount for \$10 Yearly. No Dues or Assessments. Liberal Commissions. Address Underwriters, Newark, N. J.

Magazine Subscription Solicitors Earn Liberal commissions and extra prize money working for Scribner's. It does not interfere with your present occupation. A postcard will bring full particulars. Address Desk 1, Scribner's Magazine, 397 Fifth Ave., New York.

Outfit Free To Agents. Best Selling Handkerchiefs, Dress Goods and Fancy Goods on the market. Quick sellers, big profits. Deal direct with a large manufacturer. Send stamp for particulars. Freeport Mfg. Co., 72 Main St., Brooklyn, N.Y.

Agents Make Big Money Selling Self-Lighting gas tips and gas stove lighters; no matches required. Ju 1 turn on gas, lights itself; sells on sight; send for proposition before all territory is taken. Automatic Gas Appliance Co., 1 Union Square, New York, N.Y.

Live Agents Wanted To Take Orders For Our guaranteed food flavors in tubes (saving 80%). Exceptionally large profits. Exclusive territory. Permanent business. C. H. Stuart & Co., 27 Union, Newark, N.Y.

What Are You Selling? If We Had Your Address we'd show you how to sell more, send you free pocket sample and largely increase your profits—not one week but weekly. S. Mfg. Co., 208 Warren St., New York.

Agents in Every City To Handle Our Triplex Folding Handbag; big profits, exclusive territory; write for terms and free catalog; other big sellers. S. B. Diamond & Bro., 35 West 21st Street, New York City.

Agents: Portraits 35c, Frames 15c. Sheet Pictures 1c, Stereoscopes 25c. News 1c. Pillow top, 25c. 30 days' credit. Samples and catalog free. Consolidated Portrait Co., Dept. 140R, 1027 W. Adams St., Chicago.

At Last—A Compressed Air Clothes Washer; cleans tub of clothes in 3 min. Weighs but 2 lbs. Price only \$1.50. Agents cleaning money. A sale at every house. Wendell Vacuum Washer Co., 411 Oak St., Leipsic, Ohio.

SELL Made-To-Measure Shirts Direct To The wearer. Very profitable opportunity for the right man in his own locality. Steadfast Mills, 89 Remsen St., Cohoes, N.Y.

Koko Wheat Crisp—Big Profits Every Day. Make it yourself. New combination. Breads pop-corn. 50 package costs 1c. Samples 10c. Machine \$7.50 prepaid. Cornean & Co., 547 No. Parkside, Chicago.

Business Opportunities

Intelligent Representatives Wanted: Young Or middle aged men and women who can give satisfactory references as to character can make considerable money weekly introducing our Music Courses. Our successes have brought us to the point where we are now employing representatives in every section of the country. Write today for full particulars. Siegel Myers Correspondence School of Music, Dept. A, Chicago, Ill.

Build A Business Of Your Own, And Escape salaried drudgery for life. Learn the Collection Business. Limitless field; little competition. Few opportunities so profitable. See "Pointers" today. American Collection Service, 51 State St., Detroit, Mich.

Typewriters, Office Supplies

La gest Stock Of Typewriters In America. All makes. Underwoods, Olivetti, Remingtons, etc. 1/4 to 1/2 mfrs. prices. \$15 up—rented anywhere—applying rent on price. Free Trial. Installment payments if desired. Write for catalogue 131, Typewriter Emporium, (Estab. 1892), 34-36 W. Lake St., Chicago, Ill.

Stamps, Coins, Post Cards

\$1.00 To \$1,000.00 Paid For Thousands Of Rare coins to 1900. Many of great value in circulation. Get Posted. Send only 4c and get our Large Illustrated Coin Circular. It may mean much profit to you. Send now. Numismatic Bank, Dept. C, Fort Worth, Texas.

Loose Leaf Books

Everybody Should Carry A Loose Leaf Memo book. Why? Because it is economic. Sample with Genuine Leather covers and 50 sheets, 25c. Name on cover in Gold 15c extra. Looseleaf Book Co., 614 E. 125th St., N.Y.

High-Grade Salesmen

Income Of \$25 Weekly When Injured Or Sick—low priced policy for men or women, ages 16 to 40—pays \$5000 death by accident—costs \$10 annually. Policy paying \$3000 for accidental death—\$15 a week injury or sickness, costs \$5 a year. Write for Agency. Midland Casualty Co., 1345 Insurance Exchange, Chicago.

Wanted: Hustlers To Take Orders For Made-to-measure high grade men's tailored suits from \$20.00 to \$220.00. You can make good money. Elegant large book outfit free. Experience unnecessary. No pocket folder affair. Splendid opportunity to make money. Handy Dandy Line, Dept. A, Sangamon St., Chicago.

Sideline Salesman Attention. This Year's Proposition the best yet. Get in touch with us at once for our live premium proposition. We guarantee our goods to sell or take back all unsold goods. Write today for full particulars. Canfield Mfg. Co., 298 Sigel St., Chicago, Ill.

Wanted Side Line Salesman, Auto Specialty, widely advertised. Easy seller, sure repeater, 25% commission. F. H. Phelps, 2921 Stevens Avenue, Minneapolis, Minn.

Agents Wanted

Agents To Take Orders For Visiting And Business Cards of Distinction, Sell at sight. Large Profits! Complete Outfit Free. The Forman Printery, 95-W Bank Street, Waterbury, Conn.

Wanted—Live Agents To Sell "Eureka Steel Ranges" from wagons, on notes or for cash. Wonderful money maker for ambitious men. Send for catalogue. Eureka Steel Range Co., O'Fallon, Ill.

Territory Manager Wanted For Guaranteed Washcloths. We help make and guarantee the sale of our product. Exclusive contract to a hustler who can produce, and handle agents. Washcloths Mfg. Co., Booneville, Mo.

They Sell Themselves. Agents Reaping Rich Harvest on new adjustable floor and wall mops, dustless dusters and other sanitary brush specialties. Write today. Silver-Chamberlin Co., Maple St. & Boulevard, Clayton, N.J.

Guaranteed Hosiery Manufacturer Selling Direct to consumer, wishes agent in every county. Permanent big paying business. Protected territory. Credit. C. Parker Mills, 2387 No. 12th St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Agents—Electric Sign—Flashes Changeable wording in radiant sparkling beams of colored light. Out-selling everything at \$10.00. Valuable exclusive territory. Sample free. Flashlight Electric Sign Co., Chicago.

Wanted Travelling Salesmen—Pay \$4.00 On every sale of \$22.80 calling on furnishing, clothing and general stores. Easy selling proposition. 10 cents for sample. Henry Mesch, Box 144, Rochester, N.Y.

Agents Wanted To Sell The Midget Vest Pocket Garment Hanger. Guaranteed quick seller. Patented. No competition. The Silver Co., 171 Madison Avenue, New York.

Agents—Our Triangle Polish Mop, Including \$1.00 Premium, is the best seller today. Workers make big money. Get particulars and territory. 90c profit on each sale. Duncan Bros., 2600 Grand Ave., Chicago.

Agents Of Ability And High Character Wanted on a new household article. Large profit. Special selling plan that pulls results. Address Merritt & Brock, 39 to 69 Temple Place, Boston, Mass.

Agents Wanted—Toilet Preparations, Full Line. We want about 50 more representatives at once. This is an opportunity. Write for full particulars. Venus Co., 21 East Illinois St., Chicago.

Barney stiffened to meet the shock. "You're fired," Babbling said. "Sit down." Barney stumbled and sat down weakly in the chair. "You're fired for leaving your post without permission." Barney pleaded chokingly: "Well, gee, chief—"

"I'm going to see this man Baxter privately. He has concluded a consolidation of water power companies out West and Huntley is president of the new concern. It's in the morning papers. Now, if what you overheard is true, he'll pay the five thousand dollars reward as soon as he understands that we claim the money without making public anything about the case—even to Huntley. Understand?"

BABBING nodded at him grimly. "I'm willing that half of this money should go to you. You're wasting your time here. What you need more than anything else just now is an education. Twenty-five hundred dollars will pay your way for a year or two—"

"I—I don't want it, chief, I want to—"

"It doesn't matter what you want. You're discharged from this office and you can't come back until you've learned to read and write and speak English."

Barney's heart began to beat again. "Will you take me back?"

"If you want to come—then—yes. Glad to have you."

"Well, gee, chief—" Barney was smiling, almost in tears.

Babbling continued quizzically, settling back in his chair. "You have the making of a detective in you, I'm sorry to say. There's no doubt of it. And if you want to make a living out of it, I can't stop you. It's as good a way as another, I suppose. You either have the aptitude for it, or you haven't. It isn't a science. It's an art. You can't reduce it to rules. It's intuitive. All the science in the business can't take the place of the 'hunch.' If you can get the right hunch, all you need is an education."

"Yes, 'r," Barney beamed.

"Very well, then," Babbling rose. "Go home and tell your mother, I'll be around to see her to-night, after I've settled with Baxter."

"How long'll it be?"

"How long will what be?"

"Before I can come back?"

"That depends on how you apply yourself to your studies."

"Gee!" Barney said, "I'll 'ply myself."

"Good," Babbling held out his hand. "Good-by meanwhile. And good luck."

Barney shook hands shyly. "Thanks, chief. The same to you."

"All right. Run along now."

Barney hurried obediently to the door.

"I'll be back," he grinned, "before you miss me—wit' a leather medal."

"If you come back wit' dat Bowery accent," Babbling said to a letter that he had opened, "I'll throw you out the window. Get out of here." And Barney went, giggling, with his very ambiguous past happy behind him, and his equally ambiguous future very promising before.

COLLIER'S

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Change of Address—Subscribers when ordering a change of address should give the old as well as the new address, and the ledger number on their wrapper. From two to three weeks must necessarily elapse before the change can be made, and before the first copy of Collier's will reach any new subscriber

Will classified advertising in Collier's pay me?

IF you have a meritorious article, if you have attractive letters and pamphlets describing the article, if you answer inquiries promptly and courteously, and if you allow your agents liberal profits, THEN—classified advertising in Collier's will pay you.

BUT if you fail in any of the particulars mentioned it is very probable that no classified advertising can be made to pay you.

A SWEEPING VICTORY!

Marking the End of the Creations of Yester-year
—the Styles That Were, and Are No More.



Gone for good are the knobs and angles and patch-works of ancient styles. They are swept away to the limbo of the wheezy "one lugger" and the oil lamps. In their place is a new vogue for America—a new and infinitely finer fashion—the European streamline. And the *Detroit* ushers it in.

A genuine streamline—not a catchphrase. Frame melts into fenders; fenders into hood; hood into body; body into running board. You cannot say where one part ends and another begins.

The *Detroit* is absolutely the first actual European streamline in America; first high speed, long stroke, ball bearing motor; lightest car of its class; biggest car for the money; with a chassis construction that has always made the *Detroit* the criterion of mechanical genius.

The 1915 *Detroit*

Other models, without starters, \$850 to \$925

Just as this new *Detroit* made a clean sweep of everything that binds cars to the commonplace in design—

Just as the *Detroit* type of long stroke, high speed, ball bearing and fuel saving motor made a clean sweep at the Indianapolis race, driving the first four winners across the line—

Just as this matchless car fairly swept the convention of *Detroit* dealers off their feet when it was unveiled for the first time—

So has its instant popularity won a sweeping victory everywhere. It marks the end of the creations of yester-year—the styles that were, and are no more.

Here is the limit of beauty, durability, value. This is the leader.

Thirty-five special features give the last extreme in refinement—and they all come in the list price—they are not "extras."

Just notice these new conveniences. The recording instruments combined in one unit, every control at your finger tips. Carburetor adjustment on the steering post; carburetor itself raised to an easily accessible point. An emergency light and cigar lighter. A red electric flash that warns against lack of oil.—And these are only half a dozen of the thirty-five.

The *Detroit*, like the Gold Standard, is the basis for calculating your money's worth. Send today for our illustrated folder. See a *Detroit* dealer. Put in your order quick.

BRIGGS-DETROITER CO. 471 HOLBROOK AV. DETROIT, MICH.

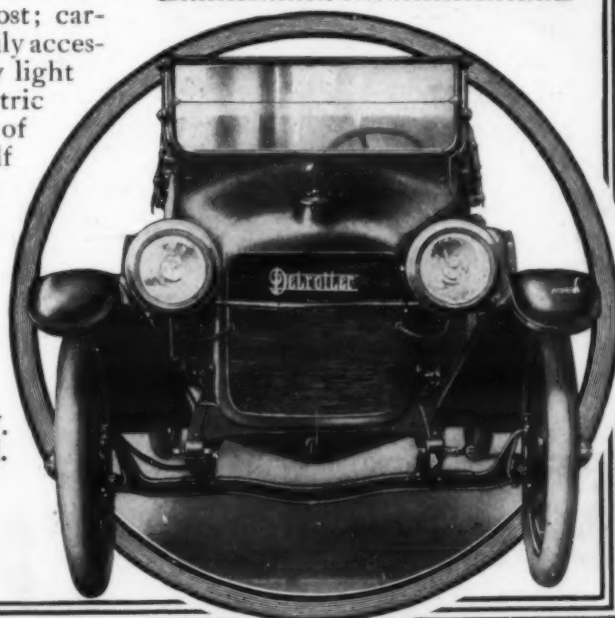
Dealers! Much new territory will be allotted, but not until every first-class dealer in the country has had an opportunity to apply for our proposition. Write, wire or come.

\$1050

Complete with Westinghouse Starting and Lighting Equipment.

35 Special Features

The biggest car at the price.
Lightest car of its class—under 2300 pounds.
First complete streamline. Crowned fenders.
112-inch wheelbase.
32 horsepower.
Worm-driven silent starting motor.
Full-floating rear axle.
3-point platform rear spring suspension.
Actual one-man top.
14-inch service brake; 10 inch emergency.
Four 24-inch doors.
Non-skid rear tires.
Aluminum and linoleum running and floor boards.
20-operation finish. Luxurious upholstery.
5-passengers without crowding.
Fuel tank in cowl.
Ventilating, rain-vision windshield.
Ball-bearings throughout.
Multiple disc clutch in oil.
Duplex tire carrier in rear.
Center one-lever control.
Rounded radiator with radiator mud shield.
Tulite searchlights.
Emergency search lamp.
Electric cigar lighter.
Aluminum encased instrument board. All recording instruments combined in one unit.
Positive gasoline gauge.
Electric flash oil gauge.
Carburetor above frame.
Both automatic and manual spark advance.
Both foot accelerator and hand throttle.
Horn button in center of steering wheel.
20 to 25 miles per gallon of fuel.
100 miles to quart of lubricant.
Willard L.B.A. battery.



MAZDA

"Not the name of a thing, but the mark of a Service"



The "Lamps of the Sky" -and the Lamps of the Earth

THOSE wonders of the heavens, studied always by a multitude of astronomers, have been unfolded more rapidly because the scientists have *worked together*, comparing and sharing their individual discoveries.

In electric lighting the same principle of multiplying brain power is exemplified in MAZDA Service to manufacturers.

The sum of accomplishment in electric lighting science shines today in the MAZDA lamp, which at the present time gives from *three to six times as much light* as old style carbon lamps at the same cost for electricity.


To *carry forward* their work on the great world-problem of the best and cheapest light, the distinguished technical experts in the Research Laboratories of the General Electric Company at Schenectady are pursuing ceaseless investigation and experiment. In their selective labors they are not only sharing the advantages of individual research and discovery in this country but are keeping in close touch also with great experimental laboratories of Europe.

MAZDA Service means that the Research Laboratories are furnishing the fruits of the sustained investigation at home and abroad to the factories of the General Electric Company and of other Companies entitled to receive this Service and the progressive results of this service to manufacturers are embodied only in lamps that are marked MAZDA.

So that the mark MAZDA on an incandescent lamp means today, *and will always mean*, the operation of this important manufacturing aid—the concentration in this lamp of the latest and best thought of the world's masters of light.



THE mark "MAZDA" is your assurance—whether you buy the lamp today or at any future time—that you have the incandescent lamp that sums up the latest efforts of the broadest lamp service in the world.

GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY 

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